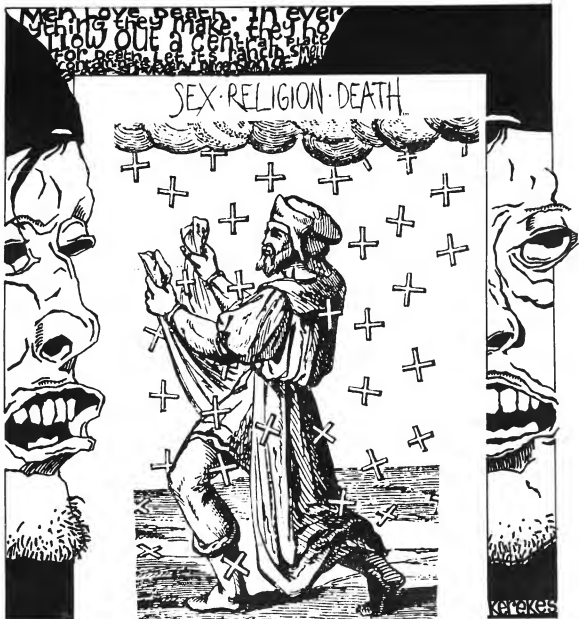


HEADPRESS

No.3
ADULTS ONLY
£3.50



BIZARRE CULTURE
DEVIANT CONCEPTIONS
CINEMATIC EXTREMES



"...SOMEWHERE THERE MUST BE A HEAVEN..."

EDITORS: DAVID KEREKES DAVID SLATER DAVID FLINT

LAYOUT: DAVID KEREKES DAVID SLATER - COVER DESIGN & ARTWORK DAVID SLATER

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HEADPRESS

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EDITORIAL

P

With the completion of this issue of **HEADPRESS**, it's time for a little respite to look back and reflect. It's now just over a year since **HEADPRESS** was officially launched with the release of **DER TODESKING** on video. In the relatively short space of time since that inaugural day in September 1990, **HEADPRESS** has mutated into the magazine you hold before you - with a number of off-shoot items to colour the way: **SINS OF THE FLESH**, **AUDIO HOLOCAUST**, T-Shirts... (what with our new line of baked beans and canned soups, it looks like competition for Tesco).

It has to be said that there were those out there who cast a doubt as to whether a magazine such as this would have any appeal. The whole concept was looked upon with eyebrow raised as being too ambitious, too esoteric, and too extreme. Such were the arguments - nay, accusatives. Distributors wouldn't touch it (with the exception of a couple of big noises and, of course, the underground/small press folks - God bless you all!), and shops wouldn't let us in. A typical reaction from a distributor - being far too many to mention by name - was "I'm afraid we're unable to carry **HEADPRESS** in its current form." Even some 'alternative' bookshops capitulated upon sight of the last issue - guess we're too radical for radical.

But, here we are with issue 3. And hey, don't put yourselves just yet! We now have a second video release, the notorious Nazi documentary **TRIUMPH OF THE WILL** - an art/propaganda picture directed by Leni Riefenstahl (no, we've not issued it for jerk-off neo-nazis...as one critic astutely comments, "leaves one with a sense of insanity", which just about sums up the whole cause and effect of the film).

One publication didn't think that our debut of **HEADPRESS** magazine fulfilled the promise of "bizarre, deviant, extreme." But no one can argue that issue 2 hasn't put paid to that. However, anyone thinking that they're going to encounter a slammer of a still on every page of every issue is going to be sorely disappointed. No, our intentions lie elsewhere. We hope to pull the eyeball rug from under your feet - so to speak - every now and then, but it would be pointless and self-defeating to even attempt to do so all the time. No, we'll continue to push forward, improve and progress with each issue. If we don't, something's wrong, and you should let us know!

It's probably slipped a few folks mind, Dept. Certain parties/individuals have the habit of ordering goods from **HEADPRESS** - and, no doubt, other concerns elsewhere - receiving them, and then forgetting to either (a) pay up, or, (b) notify us that the enclosed cheque has more bounce than a Dunlop Radial. These people become subsequently 'uncontactable', as attempted polite reminders are ignored. So, in the great tradition of our U.S. cousins, as of the next issue, these people will get an honorary mention (along with name and address, we'll point out telephone numbers with suggested wake-up call times, motorway convictions, publish compromising photos - in fact, whatever we can get hold of). They have been warned!

We're now taking 'suggested themes' for future issues, because they look good at the foot of the Editorial. "Death to **HEADPRESS**" anyone?

Editors

SCUM NUMBER

XEROX FEROX

David Slater

I entered the copy-shop with hopes that one of the several attractive girls who work there would serve me. Instead, I was greeted with the broad, yellowing smile of the ageing manager. The exposed teeth should have the word "HELPFUL" printed on them. "Yes sir, what can I do for you?" the smile asked. "I'd like ten of these on coloured paper, copied on both sides." I handed him the A4 sheet consisting of hours of layout, copying, typing, cutting, sticking etc.

"What colour would you like?"

"Green please, sir," I said, as he displayed a fan of examples. "Are you sure sir? We have pink, yellow, blue...this one's rather pretty don't you think?" "Green will be fine thanks." "I think I have some other shades elsewhere, nice pastel tones." "This green is ideal, I'll have this green." "The yellow will make the art-work stand out more, or maybe the blue," he said examining the layout sheet.

The shop was uncomfortably hot, the air-conditioning must have been malfunctioning and the vast array of photocopiers radiated added heat. I glanced at my watch. An irate wasp was circling my head intending to land on my face.

"Okay, I'll have the yellow," I relinquished, gently discouraging the insect with my layout.

"I haven't forced you into changing your mind have I?" he said with an embarrassed chuckle. "Have the green by all means if that's what you really prefer."

"I think I will have the green actually." "Right, I'll just load up the machine." We wandered to a corner where a high-tech, high-spec CANON copier hummed quietly.

"This one will copy both sides at once, I'll save messing around doing one side at a time. I'm a bit concerned about these loose bits though," he plucked at the edges of the various paste-downs that form the layout, "but I think it will be alright. How many did you want?"

"Just ten please." I had a distinct feeling he didn't really know what he was doing and turned away. Some weirdo on the street was staring at me through the floor to ceiling windows. Can't tell the gender, a snort bubble inflated and deflated at the left nostril, clothes were like canvas sacks and re-cycled paper, both hands were flapping like pigeon wings.

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"Right, here we gooooo!" I turned my attention back to the copying process and stepped back a foot to get the cooling benefit of the whirling fan oscillating on a shelf stacked with reams of paper. The mans large finger pressed a button...KA-CHUN...KA-CHUN...WHIRRRR...KA-CHIA... "Ah now, see that flashing indicator light? That means something is jammed. Marvellous pieces of technology these machines. Look, it even shows you exactly where the obstruction is! Let's just see now." He opened the top of the machine and there was my layout wrapped round what appeared to be a tank track. He eased the sheet from the mechanics and flattened it out with his sweaty palm. "There seems to be a bit missing, something must have come adrift." He pointed to a blank square on the sheet. The MEKROMANTIK 2 text had gone. A cold sweat seeped from the pores on the back of my neck despite the heat in the shop. I had visions of trudging back home, re-typing, re-cutting, re-sticking. The man began to dismantle the copier, "It must be here somewhere," he said as he lifted flaps, turned pulleys and rollers. After five minutes of searching he said "Well, that is a mystery. I can't imagine where it has got to. It was there to begin with wasn't it?"

"Of course it was! Why don't you try sending a blank piece of paper through, that might shift it," I suggested. "Good idea!" he said, and did precisely that. The sheet went round the paper-flipping mechanism but no MEKRO 2 came out. However a copied sheet did slip from the machine which was reproduced before the original was damaged. And the lost text is duplicated there. Relieved, I took the sheet from the tray. "I'll cut this out and relay it back down," I said. "When, that's rather fortunate," he said, "I'll get you something to cut it with." He shifted to another area, passing the typing girls, and suddenly shouted, "HERE'S A SCALPEL!" I looked up to see the object somersaulting through the air towards me. I prepared to dive for cover but it was too late. It struck me in the chest. I stood in shock and watched the plastic six-inch ruler bounce harmlessly from my shirt and onto the copier. "HA HA HA HA HAAAAA I love little jokes. Keeps the girls happy." The girls continued tip-tap-tapping. He returned with adhesive spray and scissors and handed them to me as he continued his search for the two-inch square of text. I re-layed the sheet out and suggested it is done on the conventional copier by sending the copied sheets through twice.

"Good Ideal" he said, and did precisely that. I relaxed, knowing within two minutes my ordeal would be over. The copier whirled, emitted a silver of blue/white light, and a perfect copy slipped from its slot. "Now we're getting somewhere," he said as he took the copy, opened the machine and slipped it onto the top of the paper reservoir. He was about to press the copy button when I interrupted, "Did you turn the original?"

"The yellow will take the original. I hope, on maybe ten blue," he said as the layout sheet.

The shop was unfortunately hot, the conditioning must have been malfunctioned and the vast array of photocopiers added heat. I glanced at my watch. A

"Ha ha ha ha hahs. Just seeing if you're paying attention." He yanked up the lid and the draught caused the paper to lift and float down behind the machine. "Whoaaa! There she goes," he squealed as it slipped into the most inaccessible position.

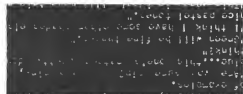
He turned it and pressed the button. Out slithered the copy, both sides of the original duplicated on one side.

"That always happens," he commented and blined it. "Let's try again." The process was repeated five times before a perfect copy was produced. "Now we can go back to the original machine with this, it'll be much quicker." He took the sheet to the double-sided photocopier and slipped it in. "Ten you said?" he said as he tapped in the figure and pressed "COPY". And out they came, all green, all copied on both sides. He flicked through them and paused, "Ah, a slight flaw look," he pointed to a faded area about two millimetres in diameter where the ink didn't register. "Oh, that's no problem, those will do fine."

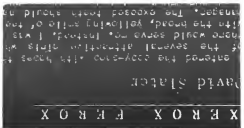
"Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes they're okay." He walked across to the cash register and stopped in his tracks, "No, no, no, I'd better do them again. The job has to be right. I don't like shoddy work," and he about-turned back to the machine. I sighed in desperation, the girls were tapping away, their hands flying over the keys like pale crabs, the screens were just a mass of scrolling hieroglyphics and nonsense. One girl started to crunch on a mint or Gum-Bug. I felt something tangle in my hair and ran my fingers through. I touched the wasp and shook my head in panic and the creature flew up to the fluorescent light. A girl looked up from her green screen and frowned, I turned away. The weirdo had followed me around to the adjacent window, the snot bubble was now bigger, permanently

inflated, his/her tongue was hanging from its gaping mouth and the hands were just a flailing blur. I wanted to leave, forget the copies, but the freak outside was a worrying sight. A faint question filtered through the finger-clicking. "How many? Ten?".....KA-CHUN..KA-CHUN..WHIRRRR... KA-CHA.. "Oooooo, that's not right...." I looked at my watch, unsure of how long I'd been here. The girl was making unnecessarily loud noises with that mint, her blue fingernails left semi-circular tracks all over the keyboard, and now she began to rock with rhythmic motions in her chair which emitted an infuriating squeal desperate for lubrication. Behind me a daisy-wheel printer suddenly started hammering like a pneumatic drill, it was producing nothing but lines of full-stops on the continuous stationary. The copy man had duplicated on white and had to refill with green and start again. The freak outside was a guy after all, his dick was hanging from his trousers and smearing the glass with a tacky residue. A car alarm was triggered in the road and it started to rain.



"Success," he said and tapped the sheets together on the counter, the yellowing smile stretched wide with self-gratification. I wiped the sweat from my brow and reached into my pocket for some cash. Before he handed them over he said, "Now, you're quite happy with green?" I simply smiled, handed over the money, took the copies and left. The weirdo has disappeared, probably worried by the attention the car alarm would attract, and the rain, now heavier, started washing his seminal deposit from the window. I walked slowly through the downpour, the experience in the shop has drained my energy and enthusiasm. But, as the rain-blots on my shirt merged into one dark saturation, I was inspired by the thought that one day the NEKROMANTIK 2 text will loosen itself from the innards of that CANON copier and some poor unfortunate soul will have a paragraph of "corpse-fucking" printed on their innocent document.



TOD SLAUGHTER: THE WORLD'S GREATEST *bad* ACTOR?

Jean-Claude Michel



First, it must be said that the following piece is not, in any way, a complete or definite study of Tod Slaughter's filmic career...if only because some of his movies have been lost, while others remain unlisted in even the most comprehensive catalogues of British cinema. At least one of Slaughter's movies was never made, or left unfinished, while some featurettes - made towards the end of Slaughter's relatively short film career - were made but apparently never released.

My research into Tod Slaughter began many years ago, in 1969. Even after all these years, I am still astonished by the incredible obscurity and oblivion into which he has fallen. Sure, that's the lot of most stage players, given the ephemeral nature of their art, but Slaughter also made films. Slaughter was the last great representative of a genre, the Victorian melodrama, which was highly popular in its day and which can still be enjoyed even now by the most sophisticated modern audiences - as proven by the success of the musical adaptation of *SMEENEY TODD* in Broadway and London. In their Victorian hey-day, such plays were fully appreciated by audiences terrified by the horrendous crimes of a demon barber, or a malevolent squire, while at the same time smiling at the outrageous story and interpretation. Thankfully, the duality of this appreciation was fully rendered in most of Tod Slaughter's movies - even in the absence of a 'true' audience. If sometimes static, artistically deficient and slow moving, these films are fun, and Slaughter's detestable villains are always enjoyable for all their negative qualities. They are far superior in any case, to most of the mechanised, robotized, 'monsters' of our day. They are a welcome change to cretinous anti-heroes, of modern horror films.

Born March 19th, 1885 in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, Slaughter performed in over 500 plays, sketches and comedies, from 1905 to 1956. During these years, this huge man with wonderfully sinister face, played everything from murderers to grave-robbers, with a predilection for lecherous squires always in pursuit of a heroine. His style is highly melodramatic, of course, and he was once called "The world's greatest bad actor." Slaughter enjoyed each minute of his acting life, gave pleasure to millions of people, and was so successfully, that in the 1920's took over the Theatre Royal, Chatham, remaining there for four years. Then he

THE *Demon* BARBER
of FLEET STREET
 with
Tod Slaughter
 "The Horror Man of Europe"



became the director of the Elephant & Castle Theatre for more than three years where he reviled such plays as **MARIA MARTEN**, **SWEENEY TODD**, **JACK SHEPPARD**, etc. Later, he added the dual role of **DR JEKYLL & MR HYDE** to his repertory, was William Hare in **THE WOLVES OF TAINNERS CLOSE/THE CRIMES OF BURKE AND HARE**, Chevalier Lucio del Gardo in **THE FACE AT THE WINDOW**, Long John Silver in **TREASURE ISLAND**, **LANDRU** etc....

John Michael Marten in an article in the U.S. fanzine **TRUMPET** in 1969, writes that "...part of Slaughter's greatness, no doubt, lay in his uncanny knowledge of his audiences. He chose to perform melodrama because 'his' people loved them..." Consequently, Slaughter was practically never in a West End play, and was largely ignored by the 'Intelligentsia.' But then, cinematic masterpieces, like Eric C. Kenton's **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**, or Tod Browning's **FREAKS**, were also of 'bad taste' for contemporary critics...

A SQUIRE, A BARBER, A SPLIT-PERSONALITY

In 1935, George King, an Independent producer who had a long and interesting career, began the cinematic cycle of Slaughter melodramas with an adaptation of **MARIA MARTEN, OR, MURDER IN THE RED BARN** - an old play from an unknown author and inspired by a real murder case of the 1820's in Suffolk. Slaughter



THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN

plays William Corder, the local squire, who has a secret affair with Maria (Sophie Stewart), the daughter of one of his farmers. Being an inveterate player, he is ruined and must enslave to marry an old woman to continue his dissolute life. But Maria confesses to him that she is pregnant, and the squire promises to marry her, but then viciously kills her in a red barn on a stormy night... Of course, thanks to the suspicion of Carlos (Eric Portman), the gypsy lover of Maria, his crime is discovered and Corder is sentenced to death and hanged in front of the

prison - with the hangman being none other than the vengeful Carlos.

Directed by Milton Rosmer, the movie is not among Slaughter's best, but has its moments. It contains a short prologue wherein a compe, on a stage, presents us with the players and introduces Slaughter with a shiver.

The fact that the heroine is killed after some 25 minutes pre-dates **PSYCHO** by 25 years.



SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET

Slaughter himself, with his first filmic adaptation, is wonderful. He alternates comic expression (confronted with the prospect of marrying the old woman), with a truly sinister manner (Maria's murder, and his meeting with the suspecting Carlos), often combining both qualities.

As are most of Slaughter's characters, William Corder is a coward - adding another nice touch to Slaughter's villains, who are full of arrogance, absolutely void of any positive qualities, always trying to steal money or women, and become hysterical when unmasked.

This first outing being good enough to get a British distribution by the prestigious Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, George King directed a second offering, **SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET** in 1936.

Stella Rho, who played a "gypsy crone" in **MARIA MARTEN** was elevated to the rank of co-star as Mrs Lovatt, Sweeney Todd's partner in crime. The story of Sweeney Todd is too familiar to warrant a synopsis here.

In spite of its flaws (a somewhat derivative sub-plot involving a captain being assaulted by savages and giving his precious pearls to the hero when he dies) this movie adaptation remains the best of all (others were made in 1926, 1928, and a really atrocious version in 1969 by Andy Milligan called **BLOODTHIRSTY BUTCHERS**) thanks to Slaughter's magnificent hammy acting and rich dialogue.

With **THE CRIMES OF STEPHEN HAWKE**, 1936, Slaughter was given his first masterpiece, a

new "old melodrama", written by Frederic Haywood. As Hawke, a kind of money lender, who becomes the terrible "Spine-Breaker" when necessity demands, Slaughter is incredible in a difficult dual role. The transformation from Hawke to the criminal Breaker is made with subtlety. The Breaker has irrepressible strength and when he is on the point of being unmasked by his best friend, he accidentally breaks a stone statuette - the effect is wonderful. Of course, Hawke must kill his friend the following night... **STEPHEN HAWKE** is an exception in that for once, Slaughter has no venal interest in any woman: the only motivation for his hideous crime is his paternal love for his daughter! It's one of the rare Slaughter characterizations with truly human sentiments. Also Hawke has an incredibly handicapped servant in the guise of Nathaniel (Ben Soutten) who is hunchbacked, one-legged, and blind in one eye! Hilarious dialogue abounds, like in the scene where Hawke is approached by the obnoxious police chief for the hand in marriage of his daughter:

(Sultor): So, further discussion is in order Sir?

(Hawke): Naturally, then we can come to "grips" with the matter.

(Sultor): Good. Then we can clinch the bargain eh?

(Hawke): "Clinch" is the word, Sir.

(Sultor): Then you'll back me up?

(Hawke): Definitely, I'll be "right behind" you.

Later on of course Hawke uses his gargantuan hands to break the rogue's neck...

It must also be noted that in **STEPHEN HAWKE** Tod Slaughter breaks, not only spines, but one of the rules of the period: he coldly kills a child, an obnoxious little boy who catches him spying on his parents house for a planned robbery. How Slaughter, and George King, could film this sequence - the first scene of the movie after an amusing prologue - and pass it without problem before the British Board of Censors remains a total mystery, even if the murder does happen off camera.

INTERMISSION

After **STEPHEN HAWKE**, Tod Slaughter was billed as "another showman" in a 1937 John Baxter film, **SONG OF THE ROAD**. According to reviews, it was an interesting work about an old man, Bill (Bransby Williams), thrown out of work by the mechanical age, and who takes up his horse Polly on the open road. After various ups and downs during their stay at a carnival and a farm, Bill and Polly finally settle down to country life.

To date, I am unable to get a copy of this film but, from the stills available at the British Film Institute, it appears that the role of Slaughter must be very episodic: all the stills depicting him are from the same sequence.

DARBY AND JOAN, also made in 1937 and released by MGM, was directed by Syd Courtenay from a novel by "Rita" (true identity unknown - can someone help?) seems more interesting for a Slaughter fan, but unfortunately received very bad reviews, and has apparently disappeared altogether. The **MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN** labelled it as an "old-time melodrama" and said of it: "Darby is a little blind girl and Joan is her devoted elder sister. The latter falls in love with Yorke, an idle scamp, but marries her uncle, Sir Ralph, who is a family benefactor. There is much argument (close up) between Yorke and Joan of the "You must" and "I cannot" order before she steals into the garden at 10pm to bid him a final farewell. Immediately afterwards he is found shot. Things look bad for Sir Ralph but the blind child's keen hearing gives the correct clue and husband and wife fall into each others arms. Dialogue and outlook are of the sentimental Victorian novel; action is slow and angles repetitive, though some of the photography is of nice quality. The little girl, Pamela Bevan, shows real talent in portraying blindness but the acting is weak and the direction is amateurish." (MFB, 31 March 1937).

Tod Slaughter is billed as "Mr Templeton", but the available short synopsis of **DARBY AND JOAN** doesn't establish the importance of his role. Can he possibly be the real murderer (for a time, Sir Ralph is suspected)?

ANOTHER SQUIRE, A TIGER AND A SNAKE

Still in 1937, Slaughter came back in his usual form in **IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND**,



IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND

directed by David MacDonald (George King producing) from the venerable play by Charles Reade and Arthur Shirley. Equipped with a superb moustache, Slaughter plays the malevolent Squire Meadows, who is also the sadistic governor of the local prison. The description of the prison tortures is both accurate and horrifying, with - among other delights - such things as a metal straight jacket, a stone mill, etc. Coveting village maid Susan (Marjorie Taylor who four times

had the honour of being the object of Slaughter's attentions), the Squire bribes the local constable to bring a charge of poaching against George Fielding, whom Susan loves. But the plan is foiled when Tom, a friend of George, unexpectedly shoulders the blame. Squire takes revenge by inflicting on him the most ferocious cruelties...



THE CURSE OF THE WRAYDONS

Meanwhile, George has gone to seek his fortune in Australia. He writes regularly to Susan but the Squire intercepts the letters and, after securing a mortgage on her father's farm, persuades her to accept his hand in marriage. George, now rich, returns to England on the day after the wedding... Of course, the Squire ends up by getting a taste of the dreaded prison treadmill he has so gleefully inflicted on others.

THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN, again in 1937 but directed by George King, has virtually the same elements as the earlier films. Slaughter plays villainous "Tiger Dalton" who runs a benevolent society for ex-convicts with the intention of dragging them back into a life of crime. Aided by a malicious, archetypal Jew (Frank Cochran) Tiger resorts to blackmail to force a young man (for who's imprisonment he was to blame) to rob the safes in a bank he works for. Of course, the young man is loved by May (Marjorie Taylor, who else?) who is desired by the lecherous Tiger. The plot also involves a detective, Hawkshaw, who tracks Tiger during 71 minutes of good melodrama. Jenny Lynn, who plays "Mrs Willoby", a positive character, was in fact Tod Slaughter's real wife. They married in 1912 and the union only ended with Slaughter's death in February 1956. Often his partner on stage, and at least on one occasion on television, she apparently co-starred only twice with her husband in movies, the second time being for Tod's last feature, THE GREED OF WILLIAM HART, 1948, where she played the wife of...Moore,

Slaughter's accomplice

Although they have their own qualities (especially the depiction of a Victorian prison in IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND, and the two different characterizations of the Tiger and the amiable philanthropist in THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN) these two 1937 melodramas were considered as inferior to the previous three movies, so George King had perhaps resented the necessity of a slight change for his star. So in 1938 both were back on form with SEXTON BLAKE AND THE HOODED TERROR, a pleasant detective thriller full of stabbings, shootings, poisoned arrows, and even a death chamber! The elaborate plot moves from Saigon to London to Paris and concerns a worldwide organisation known as the Hooded Terror, lead by a master criminal, The Snake (Slaughter). Private detective Sexton Blake (George Curzon), with the help of his young assistant Tinker (Tony Sympton) and the French spy Julie (Greta Gynt) unmasks Michael Larron, a philatelist, as being The villain...

Interestingly, The Snake escapes the police at the film's end, making way for a sequel that never materialised.

Sexton Blake made a sub-rate Sherlock Holmes, but cinematographically this film is far superior to some of the British adaptations of Conan Doyle's works of the same period: Arthur Wontner's SILVER BLAZE for instance is languid at best and fails to sustain much interest. George Curzon made two earlier Sexton Blake films in 1935 - SEXTON BLAKE AND THE BEARDED DOCTOR, SEXTON BLAKE AND THE MADAMOISELLE - without George King or Slaughter, and, of course, the role was taken by many other actors in previous and subsequent years.

In 1938, Slaughter appeared in a "Pathe Pictorial" (#131).

MORE HIDEOUS CRIMES: A WOLF AND AN IMPOSTER

With THE FACE AT THE WINDOW (1939), King and Slaughter made a welcome return to the bravura and quality of their earlier three films, and, by common opinion, even surpassed those previous collaborations. This is due



In part, to the excellence of the material - a story which involves elements of horror and science fiction, mixed with melodrama at its best. Like its predecessors, **THE FACE AT THE WINDOW** is sometimes static in its mise-en-scene, but then this was possibly the best way to support a Tod Slaughter performance; full of mannerisms and wonderful theatrical quirks. As was recorded in the **MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN**, "Slaughter's acting is very melodramatic, full of starts, gnashing teeth and villainous smiles, but this suits the peculiar march of events." MFB also went on to recommend the film to those over 18 years only. It was, for a long time, considered the most terrifying British film ever made, due particularly to some impressive appearances of 'The Face', a bestial, deformed man who howls like a wolf after each of the murders, which are committed by a killer named 'The Wolf.' Apparently 'The Face' is not 'The Wolf', but only his accomplice, appearing suddenly at a window in order to attract the attention of the victim who is then stabbed in the back by the real mysterious killer. This killer/The Wolf is,

In fact, Chevalier Lucio del Gardo (Slaughter), who covets Cecile (Marjorie Taylor), a banker's beautiful daughter. Del Gardo kills the banker, and accuses Lucien, Cecile's lover, of the crime. Lucien escapes. Cecile obtains police permission for a scientific experiment (1) on her dead father, in which she hopes to prove that del Gardo is the true murderer. When the scientist conducting the test is also killed by The Wolf, Lucien re-appears and takes charge, and neatly tricks del Gardo into betraying his guilt. Pursued by Lucien and the police, del Gardo reaches his home, where, caged in the attic, is his half-brother, the monstrous 'Face'...

"Another triumph for Slaughter; easily his best to date" was a general comment of the press on **THE FACE AT THE WINDOW**'s release. But both King and Slaughter almost bettered it with their following, and tragically last work together: **CRIMES AT THE DARK HOUSE**.

CRIMES AT THE DARK HOUSE is a 69 minute adaptation of the Wilkie Collins gothic



novel, **THE WOMAN IN WHITE** (published in 1859). "Cast and direction have co-operated admirably in putting over this marvellous story in exactly the right manner," wrote the critic of the **MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN**. The film is a tongue-in-cheek catalogue of crimes committed by the indefatigable Slaughter, who poses as Sir Percival Glyde. The real Glyde has been killed in Australia when on the point of returning to England to reclaim his heritage. First, the false Glyde discovers he is almost ruined when subjected to blackmail by the mysterious Count Fosco and a woman

MYSTERIES OF THE WAR YEARS

Too old to serve in WWII (but he had served in the RFC and the RAF in the First World War), Slaughter continued to tour with his beloved plays. In 1944, he was touring the provinces with **JACK THE RIPPER**, **LANDRU**, **DOCTOR JEKYLL & MR HYDE**, **NELL Gwynne**, and others. And, in August and September of 1945, he co-starred with Ellen Pollock in a season of grand guignol plays at the Granville Theatre, Vauxhall Green. The five plays in which he appeared were: **THE MASK**,



claiming to be the mother of Sir Percival's illegitimate daughter! Having impregnated a servant maid, the false Glyde is forced into killing her. Later, he kills another girl who suspects him, throws her mother into a pond, forces the heroine to marry him, and so on. He finally strangles Fosco, who had become his accomplice, and is eventually trapped in a blazing church. The camera dwells on his fists pounding the floor in agony, as he shrieks, "I don't want to die!"

Sir Percival Glyde remains one of Slaughter's best characterizations, perhaps even the best. The villainy of his acts (the film has more bizarre crimes than any other Slaughter vehicle) is balanced by the outrageous and hilarious sides to his part. The dialogue is so rich it warrants a mention:

"Red lips and red vine for the rest of the evening, eh, my pretty?"

"So you wanted to be a bride, eh? Well, so you shall be...a bride of death!"

"A little hunting trick I learned in Australia - kill the mother and the wails will follow."

"Get out - or I'll set the dogs on you!"

"I'll feed your entrails to the pigs!"

Unfortunately, **CRIMES AT THE DARK HOUSE** was not only the zenith of the King/Slaughter collaborations, but also the end of their association. The reason for the separation is not known; perhaps it was due to the war, or a desire by King to make other kinds of movies. Between 1941 and 1945, Slaughter's career becomes obscure, as we will see...

THE OLD WOMEN, **SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT, THE MONKEY'S PAW** and **HAVE A HEART**. In **THE OLD WOMEN**, from an original French play by Andre de Lorde - the most famous of grand guignol authors - he played the drag role of "La Borgnesse" (the one-eyed woman), who, at the climax, gouges out the heroine's eyes with a pin, and holds them up for the audience's approval in a green spotlight, as the curtain is lowered!

According to Richard Gordon in **FILMS IN REVIEW**, 1987: "Tod was in his element in grand guignol and left an unforgettable impression on all who saw him. There was some talk of filming several of these plays as theatrical features, but the plan did not materialize."

Four years previous, in 1941, Tod Slaughter appeared in a featurette titled, **SOLDIERS WITHOUT UNIFORM**. A film so obscure it's not even listed in the comprehensive British Film catalogue (1895 to 1985). I wrote to Mr Denis Gifford about this film, but he had never heard of it. However, there is absolute proof of its existence, as the British Board of Film Censors (as it was called then), passed it for a certificate on December 16, 1941; they gave it a 'U' (without cuts). The running time is 33 minutes and 19 seconds (2999 ft), and the owners were Associated Independent Producers Ltd. The cast also includes Ellen Pollock and Ian Fleming. To date, I have been unable to find any other information on this film, neither the director nor the subject, not to mention the rest of the credits. It's the

first great Slaughter mystery - but at least we know the film was made!



THE GREED OF WILLIAM HART

Another movie, **THE VENGEANCE OF MAGNUS VANN**, made in 1942, 44 or 46 (!), is even more enigmatic as we don't have proof of its existence. This title was listed among Tod Slaughter's credits in at least one British source, but neither the British Film Institute, nor the BBFC have any information on it. It cannot be a shooting title or something similar, as none of the credits of any Slaughter film have a character named 'Magnus Vann.' But... A rather elusive short of 1946, titled **THE HOUSE IN RUE RAPP** (part of a three episode series, directed by Ronald Haines, under the generic title **APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR**, and released as shorts by Twentieth Century Fox), has, according to a Belgian source, a character named...Maggins Vann. Unfortunately, we have only three actors' names listed in most reference books for this short, and Slaughter is not among them. Maybe the character's name is purely coincidental, but the enquiry continues... This is the second great Slaughter mystery!

SWEENEY AGAIN, JACK, AND BURKE & HARE

In 1945, Slaughter appeared in a curiosity, **BOTHERED BY A BEARD**, a documentary of 36 mins. directed by E V H Emmett for Gaumont British Instructional. It is the story of shaving through the ages, beginning with the bronze age, continuing with Egypt and Assyria, India and Burma. The film shows Samuel Pepys shaving with pumice stone and, of course, when coming to Victorian England, demonstrating the real meaning of a "cut-throat" razor with the glorious Sweeney Todd, once again played by his most famous interpreter. This segment was considered terrifying enough to land the film with an "A" certificate when released in January, 1946.

The same year, Slaughter began a new association with Ambassador Film Productions (aka Famous Films), a little company who owned what was perhaps the smallest of all British film stages, Bushey Studios. From

1940 to 1947, Ambassador re-released all of the old King/Slaughter productions. They were satisfied enough with the results to produce their own Slaughter vehicles. The association ran from 1946 to 1952.

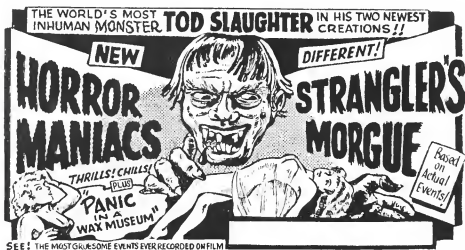
THE CURSE OF THE WRAYDONS (US title **STRANGLER'S MORGUE**), their first essay, was also at 92 mins, by far the longest of all Slaughter movies. According to critics of the day, it was also "slow to the extent of being irritating" and "failed miserably as a melodrama except in the traditional overacting." The reviewer from the **MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN** also added "there are moments, however, especially in the closing sequence, that make laughs irrepressible." It would be unfair of me to give my own opinion as I have, to date, been unable to see this picture. The movie, an adaptation of "Spring-Heeled Jack, the Terror of London", is about Philip Wraydon (Slaughter) who returns to England after exile in France as head of Napoleon's spy network. He has developed an insane hatred of England in general, and his brother's family in particular. He also has a flair for inventing contraptions designed to crush the life out of each member of the family. His nephew only escapes a painful end through the English representatives of Wraydon's spy ring, who, for the first time, suddenly find themselves full of courage and common sense. Because of this, it is Philip Wraydon himself, who tests the efficiency of his own diabolical machine. It isn't apparent from the synopsis above, but most of the reviews credit this film as being, "an adaptation of Jack the Ripper".

THE GREED OF WILLIAM HART, 1948, (US title **HORROR MANIACS**), from the same company, was a version of the Burke and Hare story, scripted by no less than John Gilling who later adapted his screen play for his own directed **THE FLESH AND THE FIENDS**. This first



The person contra of Tod Slaughter (left) and Henry Oscar (right) is Jenny Lynn aka Mrs Tod Slaughter

adaptation, although handicapped by the exiguity of the Bushey Studios (the film has



no exteriors apart from two or three street corners; most scenes are located in a tavern, in the body-snatchers lair, in a doctor's office and so on), has many virtues, notably the inspired casting. If Slaughter excels himself as Hart, he is ably supported by Henry Oscar (who was later in *THE BRIDES OF DRACULA*) as Moore. Some of their crimes are particularly seditious for the period especially as we become familiar with their victims, like Mary Paterson (Mary Love) or poor "Daff Jamie" Wilson (an endearing characterization by Aubrey Woods). The film's tone is rather gloomy, with Moore and Hart depicted as truly sordid people, without a hint of the smallest virtue. At the end, Hart turns informer and puts the entire responsibility of the crime on Moore, who is captured. But Hart's triumph is short lived, when in a terrific climax, he is lynched by an infuriated mob. The characters of their respective spouses is also well observed, with Mrs. Moore (Jenny Lynn, Mrs Tod Slaughter) being in every way as repulsive as Hart, and Mrs Hart (Winifred Melville) a victim of the other three. Judging from some of the existing production stills, the movie was made under the title of *BURKE AND HARE*, but the censors rather foolishly objected to the use of the real names (which were used in the play version), so the soundtrack had to be altered in parts, resulting in some badly over-dubbed references to "Hart" and "Moore".

In spite of an excellent review in the pages of *MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN* (who were so hard toward the first Ambassador/Slaughter venture), *THE GREED OF WILLIAM HART* was unfortunately the last real Slaughter feature. In 1952 and 1954, Ambassador released other "features", but, as we'll see, they were merely a disguise for 'pasted together' featurettes.

In 1950, Tod Slaughter appeared on the BBC in *SPRING-HEELED JACK, THE TERROR OF EPPING FOREST*, which was televised from the Theatre

Royal, Stratford, London. It was another version of the famous play with Slaughter himself once again the demonic inventor. Later he made another TV appearance, in *HERE'S HOWARD* in 1951, probably as himself.

FURTHER MYSTERIES

In 1952, Tod Slaughter was involved in a series of featurettes made by Ambassador at the Bushey Studios, but being contemporary stories, they had exteriors and locations for a change. No information on how many of these featurettes were made is available because although originally planned for television, they were never aired on the little screen. So, two of these shorts, *MURDER AT THE GRANGE* and *A GHOST FOR SALE* (both with a running time of 32/33 mins) were released theatrically in 1955. Before that, others in the series, pasted-up as "features", were released as *KING OF THE UNDERWORLD* and *MURDER AT SCOTLAND YARD*, in 1952 and 1953/54 respectively. Most reference books relate that each of the films were made up of three stories, but with running times of 82 and 75 minutes respectively one can imagine the extensive cuts inflicted to the original shorts of 32/33 minutes each! It's not surprising that *MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN* could write of *MURDER AT SCOTLAND YARD* that it was "a succession of sketchy and barely related characters and incidents, failing to arouse sympathy or excitement..." If some 20 minutes were eliminated in the process.

Apart from the WWI titles mentioned earlier, these 1952 titles are the lesser known of all Tod Slaughter films, so I'll talk about them to some greater extent (I cannot, of course, give an appreciation, only the uncovered facts).

One of the theatrical shorts, *A GHOST FOR SALE*, although directed, produced and scripted by the same people, apparently has nothing in common with the rest of the series

of featurettes. This particular short is a period piece, with Slaughter appearing as a manor caretaker who narrates to a couple (Patrick Barr, Tucker McGuire), the story of an early proprietor of the castle. Here are inserted scenes from **THE CURSE OF THE WRAYDONS** made six years earlier. Then, on return to the present, we discover that the caretaker is the ghost of the ancient proprietor! According to the stills, Slaughter's costume in **A GHOST FOR SALE** is almost exactly the same as that worn in **THE CURSE OF THE WRAYDONS**, and in fact stills used for the earlier film were again used to publicise the 1952 release. Printed sources state that Barr and McGuire have no character names in this film, being designed only as "man" and "wife". It could be an error of course, but the film itself appears so different from the main series of featurettes that we are almost 99% sure that it is not a part of it.



DEATH AT THE FESTIVAL (episode of the INSPECTOR MORLEY series never distributed)

Apparently, the other theatrically released short, **MURDER AT THE GRANGE**, is part of the series because Patrick Barr appears as "Inspector John Morley" as in the other shorts. Curiously, Tucker McGuire, who is in all the other 1952 shorts, is not listed among the players in reference books, but they are so incomplete it is possibly an omission. Tod Slaughter is listed as "the Butler", but it is probable that he merely poses as a butler in this episode, and is in fact the master criminal appearing in the rest of the series.

Now the two features. First of all, we don't know the titles of the episodes which were used to make up these "features". Maybe the titles were mentioned in the original prints, but nobody seems to have ever seen them! The series involves an ex detective of the Yard, John Morley (Patrick Barr) who, helped by Eileen Trotter (Tucker McGuire), has an endless struggle against the arch-criminal Terence Reilly (not Riley as printed in all the sources). Among the regulars are Frank Hawkins (as Inspector Cranshaw) and Tom



MURDER IN THE STRANG (episode of the INSPECTOR MORLEY series never distributed)

Macaulay (Inspector Grant).

The first time I wrote to the BFI to obtain stills of these 1952 titles, I was of course, asking for the four titles I knew about; two "features" and two featurettes. Incredibly, the BFI also had stills from separate episodes under their original titles! Not credited in any reference books, these episodes only exist in the form of stills in the BFI archives! And - most incredible of all - the BFI has 11 titles of shorts when apparently only eight were produced: six as the two "features" (with titles unknown), and two as theatrically released shorts! So from this total of 11 shorts, at least three were, not only unknown, but apparently never released.

I say "at least three" because the existence of some shorts is only proven by these stills at the BFI, maybe some others were made, remaining unknown to anybody because of an absence of stills at the BFI...

I wrote to the BBC who confirmed that these shorts were never aired on television. So to date, we know that at least 11 shorts were made (including **A GHOST FOR SALE** which is, as I said, probably not a part of the series).

When I ordered the stills from the BFI, it became apparent that a short called **REILLY AT BAY** was used as part of the "feature" **MURDER AT SCOTLAND YARD**, as the respective set of stills have the same scene with only a slight difference. But, to date, I have been unable to identify what other shorts were used for the rest of the feature, and for **KING OF THE UNDERWORLD**. The quest continues!

A British friend, Mike Davison, did an admirable job of selecting the stills for me at the BFI; on the back of some of the stills, he discovered identification of some of the actors depicted, permitting reconstruction of some of the episodes (never printed anywhere, of course); he found on the back of a still from an episode called **DARK**

PASSAGE, a note stating "No.10 in the Series". But most of important of all, he discovered the title of this 1952 Tod Slaughter series, **INSPECTOR MORLEY, EX-SCOTLAND YARD**.

Judging from the stills, the Inspector Morley vs Terence Reilly saga seems quite enjoyable, as Slaughter appears in different disguises, with and sometimes without a beard. He also seems to play two different characters, as an episode credits him as playing "Patrick and Terence Reilly".

That series was the last cinematographic work of Tod Slaughter, apart from a 1954 short of 19 mins. called **PUZZLE CORNER No. 14**. The same year he appeared on BBC in **THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS** (in May) and with Morcombe and Wise in **RUNNING WILD** (in June). In January 1956, he was a guest of the BBC quiz show **WHAT'S MY LINE**, and was paid £10 for his participation.

In February of the same year, Saturday 18th, he was once again playing the villainous squire William Corder tormenting poor Maria in **MARIA MARTEN** at the Hippodrome, Derby. For the last time in his life, he received the hisses and klases of his audience, an audience who loved him. For, on the morning of Sunday 19th, he died peacefully in his bed at lodgings. Having no children, he left behind his wife since 1912, Jenny Lynn. And a million people who cherished him.



A GHOST FOR SALE. A scene actually shot for this movie and DO! THE CURSE OF THE WRAYDONS, a 1946 Slaughter film which was used for flashback sequences in A GHOST...

Note: I would like to thank the following for their special assistance, Forrest J Ackerman, Jean-Claude Bernardo, Tony Clarke, Denis Gifford, Richard Gordon, Pierre Jouis, David A King, Jean-Paul Lacmait, Lynn Naron; all the kind and competent people at the British Film Institute; Channel 4, for their admirable effort to preserve Tod Slaughter on TV; and most of all, for the hours of almost fanatical research spent among archives, my friend Mike Davison.

Of course, I would be delighted to hear from anybody with information on the obscure Slaughter films I mentioned - or possibly on others not mentioned! My address: 178 Rue Du Docteur Bauer, 93400 Saint-Ouen, France. Thank you.

SEX GEWALT + GUTE LAUNE

David Kerekes

Though this first video offering of **SEX, VIOLENCE & GOOD MOOD** - a literal translation - consists entirely of German based independent film makers, we are assured that subsequent volumes will have a more international flavour. No matter, this is a fine and varied sample in itself...

DER KURZ-KRIMI, a complete TV cop show in 2 minutes! Speeded-up car chases (from some bona fide TV show). Similarly, **ALICE IN DALLAS** is a 2 minute porn movie. Speeded-up humping!

FUR AXEL (18 mins) is truly inspired. A hit-and-run driver is himself the victim of a car accident when his own car runs over his foot. Man who drives him to hospital turns out to be a psycho. Bizarre twists and some split-screen photography. Great, best thing on the tape.

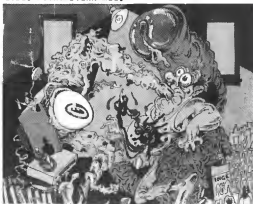
Art corner: live action and stop-motion animation in the b/w **GLORIA** (8 mins), a mixed-up brat kid with a mixed-up brat mom. Great moments when, out shopping, mom wipes dog shit off kid's shoe onto a tramp.

Fans of **NEKROMANTIK 2** will recognise Monika M in the tale of **PAUL DETTE**, a young man who wakes up one morning to find he is covered in green welts (sounds like a Charles Burns strip, no?). They want scrub off so he goes and shoots people. At only 8 minutes you can't help but love this stuff.

ANALSTAHL: two homicidal sisters catch a couple of guys humping on the beach. One guy gets a rat-tail file shoved up his ass, attempts to run away with the file sticking out but is caught. Murder, incest and a plastic penis. Repellent.

SCHULZ. By God, another plastic penis! Is this some national German past-time? Rambling story of a guy on the run and the hostage he makes a pass at. At 19 minutes, the longest thing on the tape.

Last entry is Jörg Buttgerelt's early **BLUTIGE EXZESSE IM FUHRERBUNKER**, 6 minutes of Hitler (someone in a rubber mask) in his bunker (someone's apartment) raising the dead. Point-blank mad.



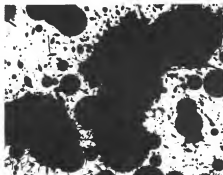
LOVE STORY

Charlotte Brown

The following sounds like science fiction but is in fact biology circa 1981. It is a story of love - this is why scientists are scientists, the whole universe is a series of love stories.

Lynn Margulis: she collected the evidence to support her view that the main internal structures of eucaryotic cells did not originate within the cells, but are descended from independent living creatures which invaded the cells from the outside like carriers of an infectious disease.

The invading creatures and their hosts then gradually evolved into a relationship of mutual dependence so that the erstwhile disease organism became by degree a chronic parasite, a symbiotic partner and finally an indispensable part of the substance of the host.

UGLIEST FAMILY IN THE WORLD

David Flint

The ugliest family in the world live near me. There are a lot of them, and each and every one is indescribably ugly.

I was at school with one of them - on the rare occasions that she turned up. She was ugly then, and she's uglier now. And fat. Her sister is the same. So is her mother. Her father and brothers aren't fat, but are still extremely ugly.

The ugliest family in the world increases in size all the time. Every time you see them, they're always pushing prams. What sort of person could lower themselves to breed with such an ugly family?

The ugliest family in the world are also stupid. Maybe it fits the image. They shun education and intellect like the plague. Perhaps they prefer to remain ignorant. Then they never have to face up to the fact that they are the ugliest family in the world.

A CUP OF COFFEE IN DOWNEY

Ramon Mireles

We begin our walk at the personal computer of Ramon Mireles, located in a tiny back room in his home at 7538 East 2nd Street, crowded with books and piles of paper. On the wall in front of his Macintosh personal computer, Ramon has a framed painting of Winslow Homer's LOST ON THE GRAND BANKS showing a lone fisherman rowing towards a distant schooner, which is sailing away from him into a gathering storm. In the fisherman's rowboat is a huge tuna fish he's caught. The idea is that the fisherman's companions aboard the schooner have abandoned their search for him; the storm will overtake him, and he'll have many a desperate hour before, with luck, some schooner of the fishing fleet may find him.



Winslow Homer was famous for depicting scenes of working sailors, some suffering at their work. As we walk out of this small room, we pass the bedroom of poor only daughter, Lucia, who's up at Berkeley undergoing premedical studies; and so the room is packed only with her "millions" of teddy bears, as if by keeping them she could somehow return to being the charming little girl she once was from the beautiful young coed she's now become.

One bit of "still life" I like to point out to visitors is a rectangular group portrait of our kids as kids; three boys each in his little league baseball uniform; then this charming "tomboy" Lucia dressed in her "Teddy Bears" (girls') baseball team uniform, her pigtails peeking out from underneath her baseball cap.

We pass a large rectangular Spanish style living room, which is great for parties

(and really formal occasions, such as a visit from the Pope!), if you can distract yourself from the somewhat stern motif of the room, showing both Spanish and Mexican influences,



including my wife's copy of Picasso's **MOTHERHOOD**, stylistically showing a mother nurturing her child, and the pile of papers my wife keeps in this room, of all places! We almost never use this room, preferring instead the family (television) room and the kitchen for most of our conversations and even parties. On with the walk!

As we step outside into the concrete rectangular porch, you will most likely first notice the rose bush next to the walkway leading out to 2nd Street and the one-storey, rambling ranch style house of our (Mexican) neighbours the Jimenez family.

There is a broad magnolia tree in the yard to our right, and beyond the Jimenez house, you can see willows and palm trees (Downey has many many trees) to the left as we step out onto 2nd Street itself (which is only a block long, giving us a smug but friendly neighbourly privacy).

Chances are, there'll be a big jet coming in from the right (East) descending slowly onto its landing flight path into Los Angeles International Airport ("LAX") about five or ten minutes away (to the jet). The street itself will be deserted; we'll be the only ones out walking, chances are.

The corner house on the right, at 2nd and Wiley-Burke, opposite our house, will be a Tudor style house with fine evergreen trees on its well kept lawn; and the Klossinski house - to the left and across the street with Pomeroy - will feature a fine stand of cypress trees.

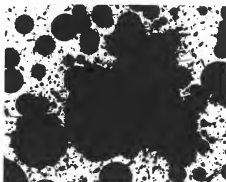
We enter the street and turn left (looking West) and see another one-storey rambling house, this one recently occupied by

an Argentine family (I believe) whom we do not know (to its right, until quite recently there lived an elderly couple from Stoke-on-Trent, England; that's LA for you!).

Upon coming to Pomeroy, we see a magnificent evergreen on the corner house to our left; and as we turn left (we are now facing south) ahead, on Firestone Blvd, which is always busy with some traffic, are two restaurants - to the left our "own" favourite small Chinese restaurant, "Jade Palace", where the (Mexican) waiter knows us, as does the owner; and to the right, a large nondescript "greasy spoon", which is our destination for "A cup of coffee in Downey", at Johnnie's Brollyer.



* a "greasy spoon" is a small roadside restaurant, of no particular claim to elegance or even neatness, but reliable for a quick cup of coffee and a sandwich for people "on the road", like truck drivers. It's a well known American institution and slang (language).



DESIGNED TO CRIPPLE YOUR PRIMAL-SPINAL....THE WEIRD STORY OF SKYWALD PUBLISHING

David Kerekes



Skywald Publishing, an American outfit which produced comic books during the '70's, are now defunct. For a time they maintained a success with their b/w non-comic code horror titles: **PSYCHO**, **NIGHTMARE**, and **SCREAM**. While it may be argued that any success that Skywald had is rather negligible, lasting as the company did for only four years, what cannot be contended is that at their peak (late 1972 to late 1974), these horror comics could have certainly wiped the floor with the best of them - not least of all with that big noise of illustrated horror, Warren Publishing and their **EERIE** and **CREEPY** titles.

Skywald created their own nightmare universe. Granted some of the earlier tales were juvenile monster yarns, but as issues went on the horror began to get decidedly more psychological and offbeat. **The Human Gargoyles** for instance, was an on-going series of a family born of stone on a fruitless search for peace and happiness. **The Saga Of The Victims** had two young ladies meeting repulsive emissaries and addressing them with such pertinent questions as "What is horror?" or "Who is Torment?". In the strip **And If A Fiend Should Come A-Callin'**... a pusher sells an hallucinogen called green.

gargoyle to a school kid. In *The Hippy-Griffers Are Comin'* a VW Beetle devours the rednecks who rape its beautiful Peacenik driver. In the case of *The 13 Dead Things* a man is chained in a decrepit prison cell. He dreams of escape and bloody revenge on those who have imprisoned him, but all the while his legs are being eaten away by the rats...

At their height - or Golden Age to strike a more typical comic book expression - Skywald had a unique weirdness all to itself. They had an attitude, something they called the "Horror-Mood".

Here, in this short detour into the nightmare world of Skywald, we shall unearth again *NIGHTMARE*, *PSYCHO* and *SCREAM*, and put a name to the man who almost single-handedly managed this Horror-Mood: archaic Alan Hewetson...

Skywald began their series of horror comics with the two titles, *PSYCHO* and *NIGHTMARE*. Both magazines appeared in the early months of 1971, under the editorship of Sol Brodsky. Despite *PSYCHO* #1 having a truly great cover (*The Skin And Bones Syndrome*) and *NIGHTMARE*



Art: Ralph Kneesa

already carrying artists who would later become staples of the Skywald universe, the early issues were pretty garish and nondescript. Sure, Skywald would drop the tacky ads before long, (David Cassidy & Bobby Sherman Colour Photos! Frankenstein's Monster Mask! Life Size, Glow-In-The-Dark Barnabas Poster!), but as things stood, *PSYCHO* and *NIGHTMARE* were simply just another couple of horror comics on the market. 1972 however saw change.

With *PSYCHO* #7 and *NIGHTMARE* #8 (July/August 1972) a certain Al Hewetson was appointed the post of Associate Editor. Before the subsequent issues appeared however, Brodsky had left Skywald for the Marvel Comic Group, and Al Hewetson found himself as Editor. The Horror-Mood had begun.

Skywald's horror stories began to get very noticeably wilder with Hewetson at the helm. Hewetson would collaborate with the artists, penning many of the twisted tales himself. He made no bones about his inspirations either; Hewetson loved the luminary grand-masters of horror fiction. Not only did he quickly adopt the style of a pseudo-Poe or Lovecraft in his

writing for Skywald, but he often adapted their stories outright. He also liked to see his own face in comics, and in many of the strips, Hewetson's caricature can be clearly seen incorporated into the story.



Art: Jose Gual

Archaic Al Hewetson

PSYCHO and *NIGHTMARE* quickly began to read and look like the demented pages from some insane notebook. Hewetson brought a fresh and looser feel to Skywald, even running short biographical notes on members of his team in the Comments Pages. These would open up "...this...is GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH...this guy is totally devoid of SANITY..." or such like. He would ramble interminably at every opportunity. The cover of *PSYCHO* #9 (November 1972), heralded the fact that Hewetson and the Horror-Mood had well and truly arrived with a blurb that read:

"This is the issue of THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN...the creep who slithers, half-dead, half buried...into graves he doesn't own...to defile bodies he does not know...his filthy, age-matted fingers grab the earth...tear at the coffins underneath...rip up a crumbling skull and horribly display it for you..."

And right enough, there he was *The Slither-Slime Man*, displaying horribly a crumbling

skull on the cover for our delectation. (...Hewetson liked to use a lot of dots too, for...uh...dramatic effect...)



Art: Zaner

There could be no mistaking it, **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** were now well and truly Horror-Mood. The covers said so - "A Skywald HORROR-MOOD Publication" - and a peek between the covers would confirm it. They suddenly had wayward suggestions to make to parents: rather than teach the algebraic roots of 3, it was argued in one issue, it would be better to "teach children how to relate and cope with life." The would have Reader competitions which would announce prizes of gargoyle eggs to the readers who could best suggest why they would want to own such a thing. Readers wrote things like, "...I'd like one because they make a perfect TOOL. You can commit an extremely bloody murder...Actually, a HUMAN SKULL can be crushed in the same manner with a common rock, but with a GARGOYLE EGG, the victim does not die right away..."

With the "Shoggoth" series (another derivative for Hewetson, this time of Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos), in which mere mortals would find themselves inside the earth at the mercy of terrible man-eating creatures, Skywald even went so far as to announce they would soon be heading a crusade to the centre of the earth to try and stamp out the Shoggoth threat, and invited readers to pledge their support and join in the expedition when called upon. Yes, things were certainly getting weird and even a little disturbed at Skywald Publishing.

Things appeared to be going well with **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE**, some much so that Skywald introduced a third horror title in August of 1973 called **SCREAM**. The first two issues of **SCREAM** were not only edited by Hewetson, but entirely written by him as well. Despite the

fact that the second issue (October 1973) does come over as being a little tired and somewhat laboured, **SCREAM** #1 is quintessential Horror-Mood, and makes for required Skywald reading. Anyone wanting an introduction to the macabre world of Horror-Mood, could do no better than to pick up a copy of **SCREAM** #1. In it are to be found the best of Skywald artists, and the most twisted collection of stories ever to grace the pages of a single comic magazine. Here is the tale of I, **Silme**, an old cripple who is attacked by an escaped lunatic, beaten senseless and thrown to his death from a tower. The old man comes back as **Silme** to avenge his own death. In **...Hickory Dickory Dock...** Anthony Cappell is a man who thinks he is Dracula and cannot die. He murders and drinks blood, and even vacates a coffin of its corpse so he even has a place to sleep. When he winds up being mistakenly cremated, however, Anthony Cappell screams his lungs out. The **Tale Of The Perfect Crime** has a hen-pecked husband who forces rat poison down his wife's nagging throat and dissolves her body in a bath of acid. There is not evidence; he has committed the perfect crime. Only he can't stop laughing...

SHE RAISED HER ARMS BUT THE WRENCH
KNOCKED HER HANDS AWAY, WRISTS SNAPPING
LIKE DRY TWIGS. YOU HIT HER IN THE BACK AND
SHE ORIENTED LIKE A FID, HER FACE SMASHING
INTO THE CARPET WITH A STRANDED CRY...



Art: Jeff Jones

The language was as rich, warped and on top exclamatory form as ever. I **Silme** for instance opens with:

"...I had no LEGS...ONCE I had, but they were SHOT OFF in a great WAR... I STILL made my own way in this world tho'...I built myself a little PLATFORM to get around town...and I became the best MAILMAN the town ever had..."

Although Hewetson in his Introduction, stipulates that **SCREAM** #1 heralds a new era, "Both for SKYWALD PUBLISHING and YOU..." there is absolutely no difference whatsoever between **SCREAM**, **PSYCHO** or **NIGHTMARE**. They are all much of the same, which was in no way a bad thing - until that is, things started to

go wrong...

Possibly the first signal that all was not right came towards the later half of 1974, and the appearance once again of outside advertising in the magazines - something which Skywald had managed to avoid since the early issues of **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE**. There may not have been many ads, but it was enough to break the Mood. Not only were outside ads back, but issues were becoming increasingly padded with plugs for Skywald's publications. And considering that they only had three anyway, it was particularly gratuitous of them to devote at times, no less than eight pages to self-promotion.



art: Deja Kosa

Another giveaway that all may not have been right, was the ever frequent Readers' Polls: attempts to determine whether a particular character or series should continue or not. It all smacked of an effort to figure out what it was they were doing wrong all of a sudden.

Although things may not have been looking particularly great, and **PSYCHO** #23 did contain more filler than previous issues - including a tale reprinted from an early **NIGHTMARE** - the Comments Page remained

optimistic, announcing future plans for a hard-cover book and even a **Human Gargoyles** fan club (**The Saga Of The Human Gargoyles** being voted the most popular series by the readers). But none of these projects materialized and Skywald folded soon after.

All of Skywald's titles seem to have been cut off simultaneously, around January/February 1975. **SCREAM** with #11, **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** with #23. In these same early months of January and February 1975, Skywald published **PSYCHO**, **NIGHTMARE** and **SCREAM** annuals...an indication in itself that there was something clearly amiss at Skywald for each annual was clearly marked "Winter Special, December 1975".

Why should Skywald have become the Marie Celeste of illustrated horror? Very little - if anything - actually exists in print on the development of Skywald or any of its publications. The only insight into the Horror-Mood remains the comics themselves. Pick up any copies you can. Hunt flea-markets and - godforbid - comic conventions in the hope that you might happen upon that elusive first issue of **SCREAM**, or maybe even **TOMB OF HORROR**, Skywald's long heralded new title, the first and only issue of which is rumoured to have appeared shortly before Skywald's demise. With the odd exception of the very early and last few issues, **PSYCHO**, **NIGHTMARE** and **SCREAM** have all stood the test of time well. They strike you today as they did then, as being something -choke- pretty...damn...WEIRD...

Note: A letter to the Skywald offices in New York towards the end of the seventies, would have been returned unopened with "gone away" scrawled over the address. Perhaps we can only assume that the Skywald team - headed by Archaic Al Hewetson himself - took to their crusade to the centre of the earth after all, and yes, did indeed manage to thwart the advancing Shoggoth menace.

British reprints of **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** appeared briefly at some point in time. Ignore them. They are cut-up, bastardised versions of the original American issues.

Eternity Comics issued Book One of **The Human Gargoyles** in June of 1988. This consisted of the first three instalments of the original **Gargoyles** saga. It doesn't look as if eternity had access to the original artwork, because the print is garish and void of tone, like it was lifted from the very pulp pages of Skywald itself.

Skywald dabbled non-too successfully with full-colour comics for a time. These were, **JUNGLE ADVENTURE**, **BUTCH CASSIDY**, and **THE BRAVADOS**. They also tried to emulate the success of their horror titles with other b/w non-comic code publications: **HELL-RIDER** and **THE CRIME MACHINE**. Neither made it beyond two issues. Sometimes, Skywald announced titles which wouldn't be made at all, like **THE HEAP** and **SCIENCE FICTION ODYSSEY**.

BABYLON

David Flint



Promotional only shot for "THE BLOOD FEAST"

David F. Friedman is, by his own confession, a con-man. He's the guy who dragged millions of Americans into drive-ins and flea-pits with the offer of sin, sex and - eventually - salvation during the days when even a glimpse of breast was a strict no-no in Hollywood. He brought a gullible public tales of forbidden love, reefer madness and daughters of the sun; later, he invented the splatter movie.

Friedman's autobiography, **A YOUTH IN BABYLON**, is a gleeful, enthralling whirlwind tour of life on the other side of the movie tracks in the forties and fifties. He describes how his love of the carnival led him to become involved with "roadshowing" - that is, touring America with sensational (or at least sensationalist) movies, booking into skid row theatres for a few days, making a box office killing, then splitting before the law caught up with him. The book covers his career through his time as an exhibitor, through to his partnership with Herschell Gordon Lewis, who he teamed up with in order to make "nudie-cuties" at the end of the fifties. In 1963, the partnership changed the

face of horror with **BLOOD FEAST**, an astonishing gory effort. Lewis and Friedman made two more "gore" films - **TWO THOUSAND MANIACS** and **COLOR ME BLOOD RED**, before arguing and going their separate ways...which is where the book ends, the story to continue in a second volume.

However, **A YOUTH IN BABYLON** is as much a biography of Kroger Babb as it is an autobiography of Friedman. Babb was Friedman's mentor, the man who taught him to "sell the sizzle, not the steak". A born showman, Babb had made a considerable fortune primarily through one film - **MOM AND DAD**. This cheap morality play is claimed to have made up to \$90 million - if true, it dwarfs the box office achievements of mega-buck movies like **E.T.** In comparison. The reason for its huge success lay in the marketing. Not only did the film contain a genuine baby birth scene - sensational in itself - but it also had other gimmicks to pull in the crowds. The film played to sexually segregated audiences; "nurses" were on hand to attend to any patrons who might be

overwhelmed; and the movie had a break, whereupon the "eminent hygiene commentator Elliot Forbes" — a fast talking actor, or, occasionally, Friedman himself — would appear on stage to deliver a lecture on sexual morals, and sell copies of his sex education manual to the eager hordes. It might sound like a ludicrous con, but it worked — and can you imagine the value of one of those books to collectors today?



Other exploitation pioneers exposed by Friedman include Dwain Esper, the madman responsible for the 1934 **MANIAC**, and a maverick even by roadshow standards, SS "Steamship" Millard, and assorted members of what was affectionately known as "The Forty Thieves". One of these, Dan Sonney, appears with Friedman in **FOR ADULTS ONLY**, produced a couple of years ago but only just released on video in Britain. This documentary compliments **A YOUTH IN BABYLON** extremely well, offering the chance to see the sort of thing that you've read about — or, if you've been unable to track down an import copy, to bone up on the films behind the stories while you await the book's British publication.

The film, like the book, covers the early pioneering days of selling sex to suckers. Hosted, surprisingly inoffensively, by Ned Beatty, it allows Friedman and Sonney to reminisce about the golden days of exploitation, and presents clips from some of the classics of the genre — **MOM AND DAD**, **ELYSIA — VALLEY OF THE NUDES**, **REEFER MADNESS**, **CHILD BRIDE**, and **DANCE HALL RACKET** with Lenny Bruce. The films are pretty interchangeable — all feature wild kids out for illicit kinks; jiggling and jiving at the dance hall; skanky dipping; toking and tripping; and, finally, paying for their sins. Girls "in trouble" commit suicide...once normal youths are incarcerated in the asylum, suffering from "insanity caused by MARIJUANA!!"...lives are shattered, families destroyed. The message was — "AND IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!"

Oddly, the films often seemed to contain a dual edged moral message. While the kids have to pay for their "crimes", it is the parents who are finally forced to shoulder the blame: not because they failed to control their kids, but because they failed to understand them. The mother of a pregnant girl is admonished by the doctor for not offering her support to her daughter, and for not educating her; the parents of doped-up teens are slammed by officials for not

showing any interest in their children's problems. It's a fascinating aspect to these supposedly worthless films that they seem, in however clumsy a way, to be trying to sweep away the repressive atmosphere and mystique that surrounded sex in the forties, and encourage education and discussion. Then again, they might've just been pitching to sell more manuals....

Whatever Friedman and his contemporaries say, it's hard to believe that they were only in it for the money. In both **A YOUTH IN BABYLON** and **FOR ADULTS ONLY**, a genuine love for what he was doing shines through. Whatever the truth, it's a remarkable, hilarious and fascinating story...and it's all "UNCUT, UNCENSORED AND UNASHAMED".....

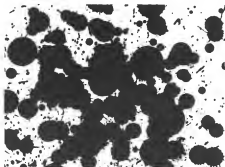


HYGIENE PRODUCTIONS presents "SECRETS OF LIFE" with ALL-STAR HOLLYWOOD CAST

Produced by J. S. Jonny and Roger Robb. Supervised by Benny Sarachy. Directed by Bill Russell.

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NOTE: For readers intrigued enough to venture further into Friedman country, **SOMETHING WEIRD** video in the States offer a hot selection of his work, together with a compilation of trailers. Contact Mike Vraney, P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133, USA enclosing \$2.00 for the latest catalogue.



SCUM MANIFESTO

by Valerie Solanas

Stefan Jaworyzyn

There have been numerous editions of this 'seminal' work (written in 1967 and first published the following year), the most widely available being that of the 1983 text published by the **Matriarchy Study Group**. The author's other claim to 'fame' was her failure to assassinate Andy Warhol the year her work initially appeared (Warhol, of course, representing the apotheosis of patriarchal repressive society...).

Much of the Manifesto treads well-worn Anarcho-terrorist territory, both in terms of 'ideology' and syntax - "A small handful of SCUM can take over the country within a year by systematically fucking up the system, selectively destroying property, and murder..." blah blah blah... But the main 'appeal' of SCUM (an acronym for the **Society for Cutting Up Men**) is, of course, the concept of Cutting Up Men. In addition to

But I'm only scratching the surface - there's plenty more where that came from - and if you want to survive the (still) coming cull you'll need a copy to find out if you're qualified for the SCUM Men's Auxiliary ("Men in the Men's Auxiliary are those men who are working diligently to eliminate themselves...", though there are a few groups who might escape, fags take note). And, oh, by the way, "nice, passive, accepting, 'cultivated', polite, dignified, subdued, dependent, scared, mindless, insecure, approval-seeking Daddy's Girls" and a whole bunch more females won't be spared either, if I'm able to correctly decode a torturous paragraph containing about 200 words, 100 commas and multiple sub-clauses...

Taken as a whole, the SCUM MANIFESTO is fairly entertaining, quaintly antiquated and about as controversial as a death threat from a feminist Nigel Molesworth... No uncastrated male should be without a copy!

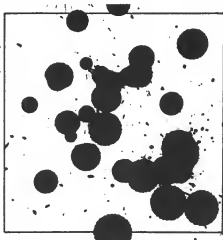
SCUM MANIFESTO

this they promise to hold Turd Sessions, "at which every male present will give a speech beginning with the sentence: 'I am a turd, a lowly, abject turd', then proceed to list all the ways in which he is." They presumably enrolled few male 'members'.

The Manifesto is divided into various sub-heading of guilty male-produced oppressions & depressions for the much 'put-upon' female (the Manifesto pre-dates - and would surely deprecate - such terms as 'wimmin'), like:-

"Boredom: Life in a 'society' made by and for creatures who, when they are not grim and depressing are utter bores, can only be, when not grim and depressing, an utter bore." Or how about,

"Great Art' and 'Culture': The male 'artistic' aim being, not to communicate (having nothing inside him, he has nothing to say), but to disguise the animism, he resorts to symbolism and obscurity ('deep' stuff). The vast majority of people, particularly the 'educated' ones, lacking faith in their own judgement, humble, respectful of authority ('Daddy knows best', 'Ph.D knows best'), are easily conned into believing that obscurity, evasiveness, incomprehensibility, indirectness, ambiguity and boredom are marks of depth and brilliance."



SPOTS

Howard Lake

This pocket sized collection of cartoonist S. Clay Wilson's work is probably one of the best laughs you'll get in a long time - that is, if you're into Wilson's brand of humour: scatological, disgusting, and out and out crude with a capital 'C'. Wilson is best known for creating the 'Chequered Demon', oft seen in **FURRY FREAK BROTHERS** comics, and that particular demon puts in regular appearances in this here tome, along with plenty of his work for Al Goldstein's **SCREW** magazine. All of Wilson's fave obsessions are here: heavily choded pirates, enormous dicks, demons from Hell and every kind of perversion, from coprophagia to frosting your cupcakes with cum. Wilson likes his humour base as buggery and, unless you're easily shocked or squeamish, you'll like it too.

(no way out) SCUM

by A.

Stefan Jaworzyn

"YOU
HUMAN SCUM
YOU'RE DEAD"

So commences this privately printed 'pamphlet', produced in three barely existent numbered editions of 50, written by a pervert who subsequently achieved some kind of humdrum notoriety for his tattooing prowess & piercing fixations, his ultimate aim being to leave England and marry (in drag) a bisexual lesbian piercing artist in a garish Las Vegas wedding ceremony. This pamphlet/broadside/whatever was a product of his existential/nihilist phase and represents an endless attack of alternating hatred and angst - derived from the rigours of mere day-to-day existence, naturally.

Perhaps conceived as a twisted homage/response to Valerie Solanas' **SCUM MANIFESTO** (their minimalist covers share similar 'designs'), A's affair, instead of preaching revolutionary feminism by murder of males, preaches revolution by either sitting around and waiting to be destroyed or by actively going out to seek (self) destruction. It's a quandary that A can't quite get to grips with - in the manner of all true revolutionary philosophers he advocates both doing doody squat and indiscriminately slaughtering all and sundry (and ultimately self) in the name of nothing in particular. Or because he/ve are SCUM. Or something. Anyone's who's ever had a bad night on LSD or STP will doubtless recognise such familiar sentiments.

The dichotomy is ultimately resolved:

"KILL
RAPE
STEAL
LIE
CHEAT
DESTROY
What is it to you?"

"DIE NOW-
SCUM
FILTH
WORTHLESS FLESH
DESTROY YOURSELF-
What is it to you?"

As it turned out, A quickly lost interest in both being SCUM and sitting around pontificating his (and your) (in)significance, recognising there was a buck to be made from losers who think they need a tattoo of their mother's genitals on their tongue. Sadly his attempts to stage the Vegas drag wedding were thwarted and he married in Camden Registry Office with his gran in attendance...



Dick Beresford; THE UNCENSORED GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

Stefan Jaworzyn

I'm dubious about this heap's true 'scum' credentials, but garbage is as garbage does, and a turd by any other name, etc etc... I haven't suffered such a fit of pique in, oh, at least the last fifteen minutes as I did when perusing this atrocious item. On the strength of this 'volume' 'Dick' Beresford must be one of the least funny 'humorists' on the face of the earth - a man in that enviable position of being so profoundly, jaw-droppingly, abysmally uninspired that even finishing his 48 page 'book' (containing about 75 photos & possibly 1000 words of 'text' max) in one sitting is a heroic achievement... The slickest aspect is that the uncredited stills (largely from obscure continental softcore idiosyncies but with some major studio items that I'll bet anything 'Dick' didn't have permission to use - are you reading this Warner Bros?) are frequently so absurd that the book could have been a classic. But dismal 'Dick' has done a Medved and succeeded in that most difficult of tasks - rendering genuinely amusing schlock grotesquely embarrassing by inserting his own witless captions. Having what little intelligence I've got left insulted by such manure is almost enough to send me screeching off in search of the nearest petition-brandishing lesbian to protest about the rain forests or something. Utterly worthless rubbish.



BURNING FLAGS

David Kerekes

The train journey to Newcastle takes three hours. Ten minutes into the journey we are notified there is to be no buffet service available on this train, apologies. Two hours later I'm going into caffeine Cold Turkey.

Then we arrive in Newcastle.

There is a little map of the immediate vicinity outside the station, fastened to a lamp post. I convince Dave Flint that we want to go this way. When we end up on some dilapidated industrial estate, I swear blind the map is wrong...either that or we're lost. It's 7 o'clock in the evening, it's already dark and we haven't a clue where we are. "If it comes to the worse, we can always kip here" says Dave, and points to a hole in the wall of S D'S GA AGE. The place is full of worn tyres and has no roof. Yeah, I'm sure S D wouldn't mind.

Newcastle-Upon-Tyne based PROJECTS UK are presenting BURNING THE FLAG?, a festival of American Live Art performances focussing on issues of censorship and sexual identity. In the US, recent moral fervour whipped up by Senator Jesse Helms and his "obscenity" bill, and the coast-to-coast sermonizing of Rev. Wildman and the American Family Association, has resulted in a situation where the arts spaces risk losing state support...if they present the works of certain artists. PROJECTS UK have brought some of those artists to Great Britain for one week (Sept 30 to Oct 6, 1991).

The PROJECTS UK office is situated in Black Swan Court. Black Swan Court is tucked away from the main street, down a slight passageway "...In the arty part of town where all the art shops are" - a pleasant party of ladies direct us. "Ah" we thank them, non the wiser.

"Does this look like an arty part of town to you?" I ask Dave, some streets later.

Simon Herbert is the organiser behind the BURNING THE FLAG? event. PROJECTS UK have flown in Tim Miller, Marshall Weber, Cheri Gaulke, Holly Hughes, Annie Sprinkle and Karen Finley, all artists who have been actively discriminated against in their applications for finding support from the National Endowment of the Arts in the States.

We ring the PROJECTS UK bell some time around 9 o'clock that evening. Fortunately for HEADPRESS, someone's at home and we don't have to spend the night at S D's place (which had become a genuine prospect by this time, readers). Simon Herbert has been working late. Now he is all sorted we head over to the Live Theatre to catch Cheri Gaulke's performance, FIRE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH WOOD.

FIRE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH WOOD is not the Cheri Gaulke performance which had Jesse Helms blithering for a Congressional investigation.

Upon hearing of that debacle, Cheri notes, "I was sort of flattered. My critique had reached the sacred halls of Washington and I was perceived as a threat. But who is threatening who?"



Cheri Gaulke

FIRE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH WOOD is further exploration for Cheri of women and Christianity. "I examine the underpinning of Christianity's fear of women, of the body, of sexuality," says Ms Gaulke. FIRE...is a monologue with slide projections. One slide appears to be of a protest march someplace and displays a banner with the announcement: "War upon women has been declared." The monologue itself takes both the form of autobiography for Cheri (sincerely wanting to be a Lutheran minister when a youngster, but barred from the clergy on the grounds of being born female) and historical analysis (Eve the original sinner, witch-hunts in the middle-ages, the female form...).

While the audience may not get to see Cheri crucified as in THIS IS MY BODY before it, it does get a chance to share in the Forbidden Fruit.

The floor of the Live Theatre has a crisp layer of autumn brown leaves. Branches of trees are an integral part of the prop for tonight's performance. Cheri plucks a rosy red apple from one such branch and puts it into a vicker basket. The Forbidden Fruit. Moving among the audience, Cheri then takes from the basket several similar red apples and offers them out. Some of the recipients take a bite. One apple falls to the floor. Later, I'll try to remember if it was only those males in the audience who were offered fruit.

After the show, Flint and myself trample the leaves back to the Live Theatre bar. Over beers we are introduced to performance artist Marshall Weber, who played the theatre the night before. Marshall's performance, he assures us, was pretty wild. The first half,

TV TUMOR, concerns the disinformation, propaganda and lies with regard the relationship of television media to human identity. "The second half however," Mr Weber smiles sardonically, "allows me much more freedom..."



Marshall Weber

Marshall Weber's performance piece I CRY THE TEARS FOR A NATION, features a man with a USA flag for a face, and examines the addictive relation of patriotism to oil and gas consumption. It becomes evident that Mr Flag Face is emotionally retarded, suffering from the psychological denial of remorse of a federal/military government. "Fucked up the ass by the flag, we have got to pull the rag out of our asshole." As does indeed occur in the piece.

We are introduced to the other artists in BURNING THE FLAG? Annie Sprinkle in a chair. Holly Hughes in a hat. Others standing, talking. They seem to have acquired HEADPRESS magazine, a copy of which floats among the group. Ideally, we didn't want the magazine to come out until after the interviews, fearing that it might upset any delicate artistic temperament. But no worries, it seems, everything's just well. Which is good, because at gone midnight and a day of mystery-travels preceding, we are in no fit state to conduct a mass interview. Besides, we have until 6pm tomorrow to wrap thing up in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.

Come the next day, however, we wait to find most all the artists have taken an excursion to Lindsfarne...all day.

I knew it was a bad sign, seeing HEADPRESS floating around like that. The next day I'm on the phone to the big hotel where the artists are staying. It's dinner time. "Hello," I say to the receptionist who answers, "can you put me through to Holly Hughes." "Certainly," comes the reply and the receiver indicates hold. A few moments later the receptionist comes back, "I'm sorry," she

says "It appears Ms Hughes is not in her room." "Okay, I wonder if you can try another number for me, Tim Miller?" And the phone bleeps on hold once again. While I'm waiting, I call Dave over from outside the telephone box for some more change. "I'm sorry sir, there's no reply from Mr Miller's room either," says the receptionist. "Okay, could you try - " and so it goes on for some minutes, trying numbers; vacant rooms. (I imagine the receptionist is thinking she's got some kind of hotel-guest nut on the line).

As it turns out, Karen Finley hasn't gone to Lindsfarne, but she isn't in the hotel either. We find her at the Riverside - a deserted warehouse - putting the final touches to MOMENTO MORI.

Karen Finley is well known in the states for her anti-censorship stance. She has performed in Newcastle once before, which is reason why this time she has chosen to create MOMENTO MORI, an installation. It has nothing to do with the fact that, in 1986, she was forbidden to perform in London on account of certain laws that ban any art that promotes "buggery" and a law that says "a woman may not talk and take her clothes off at the same time."

MOMENTO MORI is a series of "tableaux vivants" in a deserted warehouse. They go to map out various elements of censorship and the threat to freedom of expression, and the threat to Karen as a woman to speak out against misogyny.

We get a sneak preview of MOMENTO MORI then head back to the PROJECTS UK office. On the way, we discover we have a list of names of interesting people who we should meet in Newcastle, but we have no idea how to find any of them. Come to think of it, where had the list come from in the first place? Last night, slipped into our pockets while asleep on a living-room floor, perhaps? Or the result of some investigative discussion at 3 in the morning? Unlikely to be the latter, we conclude, and continue on our way.

A rental van suddenly screeches to a halt. The driver calls over that we are to meet Annie Sprinkle later that afternoon at the PROJECTS UK office. The van speeds off again. Good, someone else has declined the call of Lindsfarne. We feel better already. We feel so good in fact, we decide to grab a bite to eat.

I think it is called GUT-ROT CAFE. Service with a disregard for human life. We order our breakfast/dinner, pay up front and take a seat. About half an hour later I decide to check on the whereabouts of our orders. "Oh," the woman behind the counter points, "these have been waiting here for ages." And indeed it looks as though they have - two meals with a film of cigarette ash. Yum, yum, our favourite.

Still with time to kill, we find the Laing Art Gallery. In collaboration with PROJECTS

UK, the gallery is running a photo & video installation called OUTER SPACE.

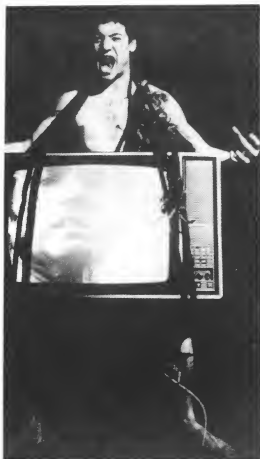
OUTER SPACE is an exhibition featuring the work of eight international artists. The theme is that of mass-produced electronically transmitted photographic images, images which infest the everyday environment and demand attention, whether we want to look at them or not. The "image environments" of OUTER SPACE are huge and surround the spectator. Flashing. Neon. Frescoes. The introductory blurb for OUTER SPACE states that, "Each day we're exposed to more intrusions of the image, so that now an innocent trip to the Post Office or corner shop is likely to involve a confrontation with our own image making a reluctant appearance on closed-circuit TV." Many of the exhibits in OUTER SPACE are breathtaking. For instance, looking down into the huge mirror of Jeffrey Shaw's HEAVEN'S GATE reflects the digitally transformed views of Baroque ceiling paintings and satellite images of earth, which have been projected down from above. The images are constantly breaking up and being replaced with something else. Up or down, it's the same. Another exhibit, by Willie Doherty, requires that the viewer sit alone facing a huge slide projection of a mug-shot. Speakers on each side of the viewer's head reveal various attitudes and perceptions of the man in the picture. Otherwise the room is in silence and darkness.

I nearly fall asleep in OUTER SPACE. And that's a compliment. I am on a high, too. Massive lines of neon-ism have that effect, I'd say.

We make it back to PROJECTS UK, Black Swan Court. Later, we'd speak at some length to the slut/porn star/prostitute Annie Sprinkle. Meantime, we have an opportunity to chat to Simon Herbert about PROJECTS UK, and his reasons for wanting to do BURNING THE FLAG? - a festival of American Live Art and Censorship.

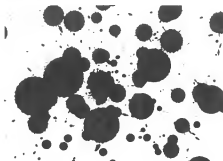
"I worked as a performance artist myself, and PROJECTS UK have been working in performance art for about 12 years. It used to be known as the "Basement Crew", which was literally a space in which we put stuff on twice a week with no criteria. I mean, people would just come in and do stuff. After five years of that - in 1984 - we decided to do bigger events, swimming pools and car parks. Not twice a week, but once a month. Since then, we've broadened out. Basically, we're interested in good art - whatever form that takes. And it's always political.

"How I got into doing this festival was that in November 1989, in Canada, I was doing a show with 2000 little toy soldiers all fastened together with string, with the string being attached to my prick. I was blindfolded. It was a very dramatic tableau. I had a pre-recorded conversation I did with a chat-line girl - this really banal conversation. And I got busted for doing that



Simon Herbert

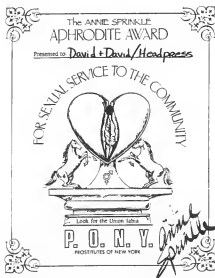
show. They read me my rights. But the police didn't take it further because I didn't actually touch my dick. I made me aware of how critical the stakes are once you are confronted with the threat of being banned or in prison. It really is a horrible experience."



SLUT / PORN STAR / GODDESS

AN INTERVIEW WITH ANNIE SPRINKLE

David Flint David Kerekes



Annie Sprinkle is something of a legend in the world of sex and pornography. Born Ellen Steinberg, she lost her virginity at the age of seventeen, and promptly transformed into (in her own words) "the notorious slut/porn star/prostitute" Annie Sprinkle. Firstly becoming a prostitute, she then moved into hard core movies, sex magazine modelling and writing, body piercing and tattooing, S/M, amputee sex (she was arrested for producing an amputee porn magazine), photography and performance art. She's been a professional dominatrix, was a founding member of P.O.N.Y. (Prostitutes Of New York, a union/pressure group for N.Y.'s working girls), and produced oddities like the audio tape **SOUND SUCK** and play-art newsletter **THE SPRINKLE REPORT**. More recently, she's developed a third personality, that of sex goddess Anya, devoting her energies to the exploration and encouragement of tantric and spiritual sexuality.

Annie was in Britain to take part in the **BURNING THE FLAG?** festival during October, and **HEADPRESS** took the opportunity to interrogate her about her life and career...

HEADPRESS: I'm curious as to what this is (shows a copy of **ANNIE SPRINKLE IN THE ADVENTURES OF MISS TIMED - Rip Off Press**)...

ANNIE SPRINKLE: That's a comic book. There's three...there's four, a new one's just come out.

Can you tell us a little bit about the live performance that you'll be doing here?

It's basically the story of my life and my sexual evolution... I talk about AIDS... I show slides of different lovers... then I show slides of all the men that have died, and talk about what I did. I show my cervix. I put a speculum inside and people kinda look inside my body.

Is this part of the show in Great Britain?

Er...yeah. I'm planning on it. Then I do a ritual; for me, sex is very spiritual, not always, but when it's combined with meditation sex becomes very spiritual. And I do a masturbation ritual.

So the show is basically just your whole life...

Yeah - In performance. In the beginning was Ellen, Ellen was transformed into Annie, then Annie became Anya.

So there are two distinctly separate personalities?

Three. Ellen Steinberg was very shy and insecure...

The changes...are they because you actually become jaded with what's going on, or -

No, I just change...my life changes, different things become important. What AIDS hit, my life around me changed a lot, so I changed. I had a lot of contact with death and dying, you know. Sex and my sexuality changed, so I became a different person. Of course, I'm older now, that's part of it.

Is it right you've made 150 movies?

Yes, 150 features, 50 loops, and 25-30 videos.

You've worked a lot with Candida Royalle...

Yeah, I did one recently with her - **IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE**. It was about my introduction to tantric sex. It's autobiographical - I don't play myself, I got an actress to play me - and she starts with this really raunchy sex scene...It's very pornographic in the worst sense of the word, very fast and horrid and raunchy. Anyway, this woman's not feeling anything, and so she kicks the guy out. Then she meets her spirit guide. The Spirit Guide teaches her ancient sex techniques, and a new way of having sex. She learns about eating well, breathing, exercising, and she learns about intimacy, and love, and gazing into each others eyes...and she learns about energy and moving energy. And then of course they make love, very cosmolically, very slowly, very tantric-ly. So then the Spirit Guide disappears, and she teaches the first guy - from the raunchy sex scene - tantra sex.



Photo: Steve Collins © Projecta UK

Do you think this is the future for the porn industry? It seems that during the last ten years or so, when everything went onto video, the whole thing became really cheap, boring and ugly. This new feminist porn seems to be breathing new life into sex films.

Well, I think there's a lot more political stuff coming out... experimental and underground stuff. Some people are trying by putting more money into it, like Candida, making it more sensual. But others are doing it differently. I just did a new video which will be out in February, called **THE SLUTS AND GODDESSES VIDEO WORKSHOP**. I'm really excited because it's a lesbian video, but it's very different. It's real art-fuck, very visual.

Presumably it's different to the lesbian videos that are aimed at an entirely male market...

There'll always be that, and there's nothing wrong with that. It's like there'll always be a McDonald's, you know (laughs)...and people will enjoy eating a McDonald's once in a while. More people eat in MacDonald's than they do in health food restaurants. Same thing with porno, most people would rather have junk porno than gourmet porno.

I believe you talk about the pitfalls of the industry in your show.



Photo: Steve Collins © Projecta UK Archive

I do a performance piece about the hundred worst sexual experiences that I've had. I sorta lump them into one two minute piece. I have this row of dildoes, and I suck them and gag on them while a tape plays. It's all these different voices, like "you'll go to hell", or "what you do is bad for women", or "I wanna come one more time", and it's like nobody's really getting off on it, you know.

Are these tapes of guys?

Yes...and some judgemental women...the painful times.

Can you tell us about LINDA/LES & ANNIE?

It's a docu-drama - or docu-porn (laughs). I fell in love with Les Nichols, a female-to-male transsexual, and he was open to being video-taped, so I said "let's make a video about our first time together". Actually, I'd written an article about our first night together for *HUSTLER* in the United States. I said "let's put this on video", because I was so fascinated and turned on by it. I thought it was amazing. *LINDA/LES & ANNIE* was a re-enactment of the first night that we were together. It was shot only a couple of months after we were together, and we were very much in love.

Do you still see each other?

Er...no. Actually, I didn't put it in the video, but he's very very kinky. Very psychotic! Far more politically incorrect than I put in the video. And the video's very controversial as it is...if I put the whole story - I mean, who knows!

Did you run into any trouble with LINDA/LES & ANNIE?

The main complaint we got was that he says he became a man for male privilege, which feminists might find offensive, or not the way to go about changing things...you know, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em". But he really did, that's what he did. And it's not about being politically correct, it's about one person's experience...and that was his experience.

Do you think, as a man, Les Nichols is a sexist?

Yeah, well he's macho. He was a lesbian separatist for a long time. He's just confused...he's really nutty. He likes to provoke people, too. The other controversy was that he's very scarred up. He had a dozen operations. His cock is a patchwork quilt, you know. He's like all scarred - it's grotesque...I personally like that kind of thing (laughs), but a lot of people couldn't watch it.

Can he get a hard-on?

Yeah, he puts a tube...a rod in his cock. His cock is hollow in the centre.

I believe he has trouble keeping it up through the whole sex act.

Yeah, that's what happened. The video is about the first time he ever used his cock. They gave him this rod, and it didn't work at all! I mean, they gave him a rod which was this long (indicates a length), and his cock's only this long (indicates a shorter length). We were trying it, and it's like



Photo: Steve Collins © Projects UK Archive

poking me, the rod's coming out of the top of his cock, I mean it was just a disaster. All this technology goes into making the cock, and you get the rod...so we had to go to the kitchen and saw the rod off. And then he tried using his thumb, which was great. But then I landed wrong and bent his thumb. We showed it the way it was - the raw truth.

I'd like to ask you about SHADOWS IN THE CITY...

I haven't seen it. Have you?

No...I was just wondering about what kind of a person Ari Rousimoff was.

Oh, he's a big, burly Russian guy...a real teddy bear - with a biker fetish (laughs). He's sweet, a sweetheart.

What about your time as a prostitute? Is that long-gone in the past? Do you remember much of that?

Yeah...I still have one client. I'm still a prostitute basically...I keep my finger in (laughs) the pie. I'm versatile...I've one guy, I've seen him for seventeen years.

So you obviously enjoy it.

Yeah, I love him a lot...and he pays really well (laughs).

What do you think of VIDEO DATES, where you hire a video of a guy or a girl and they speak to you...they take you to dinner, talk to you over the meal and offer you a bite of their sausage...

That's great! That sounds good, who's making that?

I've no idea. It's kind of sad in a way to think of people watching it. You can just imagine lonely people sitting there...

You mean it's for real? Oh my God, that's hysterical! It sounds more like a cult item or something...

I saw one of your films - KNEEL BEFORE ME - listed in a catalogue as a 'banned X' movie.

I'm in a bunch of banned movies (laughs), that's no big deal.



I didn't think any films were banned in the States.

Everything's banned in the States. Jesus! I'm used to it. It's funny, because this performance event's all about censorship. Artists aren't used to being censored. I'm

from porn and sex, and I'm used to being censored all the time. In a regular sex magazine now, you can't write about anal sex...like all kinds of things. Anything with pissing in it gets banned. In the old days there was a pissing scene in most every movie, now all these movies are banned. Pissing is a big, big taboo...and everyone pisses, which is funny...

European porn seems to be full of extreme stuff, whereas American films are very tame these days.

Yeah, because of censorship, totally.

So it's not a case of the actual performers saying "we won't do this"?

No, not at all!

The reason that I'd asked about banned films is that this is a festival devoted to American censorship, and it's taking place in a country with far more stringent controls about what people can see...



Yeah, right (laughs), it is funny. I've heard so much that England is so repressed, so I'm really curious to see how they react. So far, I feel very safe. Karen Finley just said in the last interview that in London, the tabloids would've exploited it, there would be protesters and that sort of thing...and here in Newcastle, people are just accepting it. So I feel pretty safe so far. We'll see

how the audience reacts. I really don't know...

Is this your first time in Britain?

No, I was here when I was twelve or thirteen. People here seem very nice. I'm amazed they put up with so much censorship.

Is this the same performance that you've been doing all along, or is it a new show?

For the last year and a half, it's the same one, different title. I didn't wanna call it POST PORN MODERNIST. I was afraid if the word "porn" was in, it would be too controversial.

What do you think of performance art as a whole? I mean, are there any artists that you particularly admire?

Well, my favourite artist is Linda Montano. She's a performance artist, she does videos and she's a genius. Karen Finley I admire as a performance artist...

Do you and Karen argue about what you're doing? Her ideas seem very different to yours.

I think she points out the worst side and I try to point out the best side...and both are equally controversial (laughs). Both are equally taboo, I think, for women to do. But I think we have a kind of mutual admiration, she seems to be supportive.

What do you think of new wave artists like Lydia Lunch?

Oh, I love Lydia, I've photographed Lydia a bunch of times.

I know, I've got one of her albums that has inner sleeve photography by you.

Oh God, you guys do your homework!

How did you first get to know her?

Oh, how did I? Good question. I don't remember! Maybe it was through Emilio Cubero, who directed my show the first time. Anyway, shortly after Lydia and I met, we did a photo-shoot and an interview, then we did it again...we've done three full fledged shoots...which is more than I've photographed anyone else, except Linda Montano. We did some beautiful photos. I think she's incredibly hot and sexy and juicy and nice and talented as hell, I love her. She's the only poet whose work as poetry I really like. I don't like poetry generally, but in terms of poetry, she blows me away.

Me too. So what will you do next? What is there left for you to do?

Well, I'm very interested in tantric discipline, learning more about breathing, meditation, ritual, sexual energy and how to use it, move it, build it, channel it...and

I'd like to have a kind of commune that's dedicated to that sort of thing. I'd like to do more books and more videos...some films. I feel like this performance is gonna be phased out pretty soon. I don't know if there'll be another one.

Is that because you're losing interest, or just want to move on?

Yeah, it's time to do something else.

One final important question: what does the average day of your typical porn star/prostitute/performance artist/writer/goddess/photographer/sexual revolutionary consist of?

I generally don't have an average day (laughs). Every day is so different in my life. One thing that's pretty constant is that I try to eat well, I do try to go swim or do some yoga or meditation every day, and I do drink quite a lot of tea...and I make a lot of phonecalls (laughs), and I love baths. I never read, never, never...never have time. I love to get my mail. If I get to do housework, that's a special treat, but normally I'm being creative, doing some preparation for some project....and sex, of course!



Annie Sprinkle Flashing Finger Puppet

IT'S A MAD MAD MAD MAD WORLD

Last Issue's **CRAZY GUYS** feature has struck a nerve in the **HEADPRESS** readership. Crazy sightings have been flowing in thick and fast, something we wish to encourage with **IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD**, a regular voice for you, the reader. Here are three of the best for this issue...

I work at **X-RECORDS** and the amount of loonies we get in is unbelievable. I'm sure there is a teleport outside where these people are beamed down from another planet. We have a thrasher that comes in called Dave. He normally comes in on a Friday afternoon after getting paid and pissed out of his head. He asks all the customers at the top of his voice, "Dyer think am pissed?" and then tells them they're all fuckin' cunts! As he listens to a few hardcore CDs he tells us about the different things he's had up his arse, and how his mother caught him having a wank... By this time we're getting fed up with the abuse to the customers which he does every week. The only reason we put up with it is because he always goes home with about ten CDs (his nickname in the shop is "I'll have that" - because whenever we play him something which is loud, fast, insaudible he'll say "I'll have that").

CHRIS JOHNSTONE, Bolton

Chris promises more crazy observations - and pictures - with **SHUFFLER, CLUTCHER, JIGGA-JOGGA, SNIFFER, BAG WOMAN** and **WOBBLEY LEG**.



I believe you're right: there must be some kind of invasion of crazy people (mostly male) even here in Germany.

The area where I live used to be a nice quite spot here in Berlin, but last week, I was walking down the street with a friend (Daktari) and saw this guy on a motorcycle shouting at a small man in a skirt who was standing in the middle of the street. The little one runs away to hide behind two parked cars. The man on the motorcycle rode away. Everything seemed to be OK now, but as we got nearer to the dwarf-like guy, he slipped down his underpants, held up his

skirt and shot a mighty loud fart in our direction...which seemed to get him very excited. I always felt myself to be open-minded, but I have to say I changed sides of the street to avoid more butt-performances.

Or, the other day: this mongoloid-faced person right behind me on a packed bus shouting "FICK, FOTZE!" ("Fuck, Cunt!") every once in a while and then hiding his face behind an upside-down newspaper.

What the hell is going on! I could also tell you about the man with a piece of black something (shit? oh my God) in his hair, shouting at people, or this guy who sings like he's on stage in opera while wearing silly wigs, but I think you've got the message! We are not alone! I even believe there is a special league of crazy people on bikes, with strange hair-dots, spot-lights right up to their face, riding around this city, and I have the strange feeling they will survive the Apocalypse. Beware!

JORG BUTTGEREIT, Berlin



I met him on the bus. A tall, slim man in his mid-thirties, smartly dressed. He was complaining about the high bus fares. The fares had been increased a short time ago, and we started a conversation. He said he had just been at the Classical Studies department of my university, and speaking with one of his professors about his Ph.D. Greek was his subject. Being a Greek student myself, I became interested with what he had to say and we arranged to meet in the evening.

When we met later, he spoke without a break. He said he was looking for lost Greek words and had been doing so for years. He had found many of them, and had even built up a theory as to how lost words had become lost in the first place. He told me he was tracing the words back to their roots in other languages, and asked whether I would like to help him file the words onto record cards. This is the part of the work that gets him down, because he had nobody to help him and he would prefer to spend his time in actually looking for the words as opposed to filing them. He even offered to pay, so I agreed to help him in his filing. He said he would come back to my city in about two months, and we exchanged addresses.

I had almost forgotten about the talented man with the high-voice and the behaviour of a 'mummy's boy' until he actually phoned me - he would have time to come down to C. and asked me whether I would still be interested in taking a look at his work. I invited him down. I share my flat with three other girls; one of them was on holiday, so we had a spare room. He gave me

the time of his arrival and I went to the station to meet him.

He turned up with three large suitcases and a small bag. The suitcases were extremely heavy, and, since I don't have a car, we struggled to carry them back to my flat. In the three suitcases were literally millions of record cards, neatly in order under certain categories. Some cards had quotations glued onto them. The things one usually takes on a journey and a stay away from home were contained in his one, small bag.

The first thing he did was pinch the kitchen table and take it into his room. The desk already in there wasn't big enough for all his cards. Then he displayed a few of the cards, and spoke about them like you would a lover. They were the pleasure of his lonely evenings, and best of all they were always there when he needed them. He could file them in different ways and they always exciting. This was the time I began to realize I had invited a mad man into the flat.

His urge for attention was unbelievable. Yet, being his host, I didn't want to be impolite, so I didn't complain about him having the kitchen table, nor try to explain that a conversation needn't always be a monologue. After the first few hours in the flat, he became restless. I learned from him that he'd prepared some sandwiches and an apple for his journey, but couldn't remember whether he had lost them in the taxi to the train station or whether he had left them at his flat in L. - which was about 400km away - and the thought of his neighbours locating a stench and being unable to get into his flat made him sick.

At first he phoned the taxi company in L. to see if anyone there had found his sandwiches and apple in one of their cabs. Nothing. Therefore he decided he just had to return to his flat and throw the food into the bin. It was two days later before we saw him again.

I made an attempt to try and understand his filing system and why it was so interesting to look for lost words, but couldn't. Yet, even if my guest was mad, he had a highly paid job in L. and I have to admit that the financial aspect of searching for lost words did give me a reason to try and understand what it was he was looking for. He stayed, talking about his lost words and problems in trying to find a girlfriend. His most recent girlfriend had been a cello player in an orchestra, but unfortunately, had run away with the conductor. He himself was now worried about his genes: knowing that his IQ was much higher than average, he said he was determined to pass his genes on. He spoke very seriously about this to one of the girls in the flat, who couldn't help but laugh. He was convinced the world would become a better place inhabited by intelligent people such as himself.

Shortly afterwards, the other girls in the flat came to me saying that my guest had to leave because he was unbearable. I told him a lie about the room he was staying in

had to return earlier than expected. Not very imaginative, I know. One of the girls help us to carry the record cards to a hotel, and there we left him.

Now, there is one more person in the world I know to avoid. But this is how these things go, and not very long ago he passed my way again - still existing: still searching for his lost words and the possibility to pass his IQ genes on...

The author of the above has asked us to withhold her identity.



SCUM DROPS

David Kerekes

A scum problem hits the streets every day. No, not your neighbour whenever he sets off for work (though he could be of epic scum proportions: an ugly fuck who smells like shit). No, it's something else entirely. Does the litter dilemma bother you? It should. Litter is a nuisance. It gets in the tread of your shoes, and it's unsightly. Just one discarded empty cigarette packet in the wrong place can turn a whole children's play area into a quagmire of filth. Then follows the inevitable: pestilence, festering welts, berli-berli, botulism, poliomyelitis, sleepy sickness, infective hepatitis, and ultimately: crack, the trots, cystic fibrosis, loose women and death. The problem has to be addressed and questions need to be answered for the sake of our children, our children's children and for that dog-shit free Utopia scientists promise of the future (when man will be a floating spirit with no longer any need for guns and arms, legs or head). Who drops all that shit? Why? Here's a top ten of (actual sighted) Scum Drops.

- A pair of men's trousers lying on a motorway.
- Half empty can of baked beans standing on a wall.
- One shoe in the middle of the road.
- A tampon (fresh).
- Two armchairs, differing styles, in the middle of a car park.
- Snappy dressed young man asleep on a golf course.
- A pair of knickers and ladies' tights on Elmore Street.
- An empty packet of contraceptive pills in a graveyard.
- A (stinking) bag of something decomposing.
- Money.

FANNY HILL

Ian Kerkhof

Originally published in 1749-50, **FANNY HILL** is the first classic of English pornography, and certainly one of the most enduringly successful works of its type. Having read the book twice many years ago in my teens, I was delighted to come across the recently re-published Penguin edition, which restores a passage that has been deleted since the first edition, and includes an illuminating introduction by Peter Wagner, author of **EROS REVIVED: A STUDY OF EROTICA IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND AND AMERICA**.



Of course, the most pressing question that always arises when dealing with "classics" in any genre is whether the work has relevance beyond its historical importance. In this case, I'm delighted to report a resounding YES!

Cleland's prose is, 240 years on, certainly not pornographic in the explicit sense that, for example, House Of Lords paperbacks are today, and the range of sexual activity he deals with is extremely narrow, one might even say "innocent". In comparison with De Sade's pornography of only 50 years later, what he does have to offer the hi-tech

steals is a tremendous sense of humour that constantly offers robust descriptions of sexual behaviour, providing one of those non-stop reads that you approach with as much gusto as young Frances Hill does her deflowering!

The "story", as such, is simple to the point of non-existence. Frances is orphaned at 15. The virgin country girl makes her way to London where she falls into the hands of a "madam". She escapes, however, and is taken as mistress to her first love, Charles, who captures her heart and ruptures her hymen. When he is unexpectedly whisked away from England, Fanny submits to her inevitable



FANNY HILL (UK, 1963)

fate. Stints as mistress and house prostitute leave her, at 19, suitably wealthy to be able to marry said Charles, who she re-encounters by chance. The narrative takes the form of two letters (the book was originally published in two volumes) to an anonymous Madam who Fanny wishes to confide in.

The primary fixation of the characters in this eighteenth century picturesque tale is virginity. Men will go to any lengths to acquire the unique moment of defloration and women to any lengths in faking it (there's a WILD scene with blood soaked sponges concealed in secret compartments of the bedposts!!!). Fanny astutely comments on this phenomenon: "All my looks and gestures ever

breathing nothing but that Innocence which men so ardently require in us, for no other end than to feast themselves with the pleasure of destroying it*.

After defloration, most of the men in Fanny's life seem quite content to hump away in the straightforward position, and the first intrusion of some solid perversion is as late as page 180 with the entrance of a corpulent customer whose member is just as "squob" (great word!) as he. Requiring a severe thrashing in order to even get erect, let alone ejaculate, he introduces Fanny to the fascinating pleasure/pain world of the flagellant. In a masterful passage well worth repeating in full:

"All my back parts, naked halfway up, were now fully at his mercy: and first he stood at a convenient distance, delighting himself with a gloating survey of the attitude I lay in, and all the secret stores I thus exposed to him in fair display: then springing eagerly towards me, he covered all those naked parts with a fond confusion of kisses. And now taking hold of the rod, rather wantoned with me, in gentle inflictions on those tender trembling masses of my flesh behind, than in any way hurt them, till, by degrees, he began to tingle them with smarter lashes, so as to provoke a red colour into them, which I knew, as well by fragrant glow I felt there as by his telling me, they now emulated the native rose of my other cheeks. When he had then amused himself with admiring and toying with them, he went on to strike harder, and more hard, so I needed all my patience not to cry out, or complain at least: at last he twigg'd me so smartly as to fetch blood, at sight of which he flung down the rod, flew to me, kissed away the starting drops, and, sucking the wounds, eased a good deal of my pain. But now raising me on my knees, and making me kneel with them straddling wide, that rather tender part of me, naturally the province of pleasure, not of pain, came in for its share of suffering. For now, eyeing it wistfully, he directed the rod so that the sharp ends of the twigs lighted there so sensibly that I could not help winching and writhing my limbs with smart; so that my contortions of body must necessarily throw it into an infinite variety of postures and points of view. But still I bore everything without crying out; when presently, giving me another pause, he rushed, as it were, on that part whose lips and round-about had felt his cruelty, and by way of reparation, glues his own to them. Then he opened, shut and squeezed them, plucked softly the overgrowing moss, and all this in a style of wild passionate rapture and enthusiasm that expressed excess of pleasure: till betaking himself to the rod again, encouraged by my passiveness, and infuriated with this strange taste of delight, he made my poor posteriors pay for the ungovernableness of it; for now, showing them no quarter, the traitor cut me so that I wanted but very little of fainting away, when he gave over. And yet I did not utter one groan or angry expostulation; but in my heart

I resolved nothing so seriously as never to expose myself again to the like severities."

While Fanny was at least prepared to try flagellation out before condemning it, she's less flexible regarding oral (which only gets mentioned once in a rather bemused tone) and anal penetration. The prim disapproving tone she applies to the unsuccessfully attempted buggery of a woman dressed as a man on pages 191-2 is worlds away from the really revolutionary sexual philosophy of De Sade. homosexuality is violently denounced after being intimately described on pages 194-5. In the legendary passage which has been suppressed since the book's earliest appearance, Peter Wagner notes here that the peculiar double standard of bourgeois morality in the 18th century considered lesbianism as an "acceptable though not natural" form of sexuality while male homosexuality was vigorously denounced, and indeed, "until the 19th century, sodomy was punishable by death if penetration could be proved".

Cleland does though, at times, manage to transcend the peculiar morality of his times and provide insights which are still relevant to contemporary sexual relations. A good example of this is his comparison of the vagina's "milking" of the orgasming penis to the child suckling on its mother's nipple. Those familiar with Susan Griffiths' writings on pornography will be startled by the similarities of this description to her analysis of contemporary pornography's obsession with cum-swallowing as a revenge on the mother for the trauma involved in breast feeding.

Basically then, there's a great deal in this book, and I would recommend it to all interested in erotica and pornography. It's splendid material for a film, and I could imagine Ken Russell doing very nicely with it. I'll close with one last citation, a description by Fanny as she watches her middle-aged madam being done by a beefeater:

"As he stood on one side for a minute or so, unbuttoning his waistcoat and breeches, her fat brawny thighs hung down; and the whole greasy landscape lay fairly open to my view: a wide open-mouthed gap, over-shaded with a grizzled bush seemed held out like a beggar's wallet for its provision".
Sultably sleazy?



DE SADE'S JULIETTE

David Flint

"If the Director of Public Prosecutions fails to prosecute this book with its endless sexual torture, its splitting open of living children, its disembowelling of pregnant women, its babies being cut to shreds and its continual advocacy of violence of the most perverted kind, then he will, we believe, have failed in his duty"

MARY WHITEHOUSE

"It is 1,200 pages of sickening filth. The sooner it is swept from the shelves the better"

JOHN SMITH, *THE PEOPLE*

"It is hard to imagine a book more evil....appeal to everyone who values the rule of the law and feels that incitement to violence against children has no part in our society to write to the Prime Minister or to me, demanding that Arrow be prosecuted..."

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virtue a vice
and pain a
pleasure!

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Perhaps we shouldn't be surprised by the above moral indignation. After all, Britain is unfortunately chock full of moralistic bigots who seek to ban just about anything that challenges their narrow view of life and the mythical family structure. Mary Whitehouse has done very nicely out of trying to stop people from having the right to choose what to look at for nearly thirty years, and "Plain" John Smith ("Man of the People" as his column used to be rather

chillingly called) usually spends his time complaining about lefties, foreigners with ways different to our own (how dare they - send 'em back where they came from), poofers and other social undesirables - which generally includes anyone to the left of Norman Tebbit. But there's a difference here. This time, they're not outraged by a new book. We're not talking here about *AMERICAN PSYCHO* or some squalid rip off; rather, the novel that has created such moralistic shockwaves was first published in 1797. The author was the Marquis De Sade, and the novel in question was *JULIETTE*.

To try to understand why the publication of this book in Britain has caused such an outcry, we have to go back to the sixties. After the famous court victory of *LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER*, the years of restraint in publishing seemed to be over. While numerous books were still being prosecuted, sometimes successfully (as with *FANNY HILL*), more and more long suppressed volumes were surfacing. By the middle of the decade, copies of De Sade's work began to appear in Britain, either through UK publishers like Corgi, or on import from the likes of Grove Press. They weren't massive sellers, but enough people bought them to make publication viable. Unfortunately, one of the most enthusiastic readers was one Ian Brady. And that's where the problems began. When it became known that the Moors Murderers had been "inspired" by De Sade - the claim being that Brady had taken De Sade's philosophies to heart, and set out to put them into practice - his works became rapidly unacceptable. From the late sixties on, they stayed unpublished, and - seemingly - unpublishable. As far as Britain was concerned, De Sade was a "non-person". Until a few years ago.



For reasons best known to themselves, Arrow decided to publish De Sade's *THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM* in 1989. A huge volume (the rather slim novel filled out with assorted essays and plays either by or about the Marquis, no doubt in an effort to give the book an aura of respectability), it appeared out of nowhere and sat unobtrusively on the shelves of more adventurous bookshops across the country. And nobody noticed... or, if they noticed, they didn't care. Which is odd, as *120 DAYS*... contains just as much - if not more - child abuse, torture and mutilation as *JULIETTE*.

Presumably, sales of the book must have been satisfactory enough, and complaints minimal enough, for Arrow to venture into De

Sade territory again in 1991. But this time, the forces of decency were ready. Perhaps they'd only picked up on the publication of the earlier volume long after publication, and felt that it was too late to do anything. Who knows. But this time, they were ready and determined to stop this "filth" from polluting the otherwise innocent minds of the great British public. Oddly though, it wasn't the ubiquitous Mrs Whitehouse who started the outcry this time. No, it was writer and broadcaster Moyra Bremner. Writing to the London **EVENING STANDARD**, she claims the book is "an incitement to violent crime", and continues, "I believe this book should not be allowed to pour petrol on the already horrifying fire of crimes against the vulnerable - especially against children". Bremner's answer to this problem was to bring the book to the attention of the DPP, and to demand a prosecution under the Obscene Publications Act. To help in his decision, Bremner also mounted a well publicised campaign against both **JULIETTE** and Arrow's plans to publish the sequel **JUSTINE**, which is where the likes of Mary Whitehouse and "Plain" John Smith come in. While Bremner appeals to the literate "intelligentsia", Whitehouse and Smith aim their comments at the ordinary public. A public who don't much understand the issues, but who feel an instinctive outrage at the publication of such a disgusting book; a public who will readily condemn the novel on the say-so of their favourite newspaper. The fact that they haven't read **JULIETTE**, and are unlikely ever to do so, doesn't enter into it - after all, it's unlikely that either Whitehouse or Smith have read **JULIETTE** either; Mary Whitehouse in particular is known to avoid seeing the things she condemns, lest she herself be morally corrupted.

But both sides of the intellectual divide are being sold on the same reasons for banning **JULIETTE** in particular and **De Sade** in general. The main reason is the abuse of children. This is, of course, a highly emotive subject, and is picked up on by all the novel's accusers, who indignantly list the atrocities committed within the story. The "protection of children" argument was first introduced during the video nasty campaign in the early eighties, and its incredible success meant that it would surface as a major argument in all subsequent moral censorship debates. The reasoning is simple: while Whitehouse and the like called for stiffer moral controls over pornography - or their idea of pornography - to prevent the corruption of the nation, nobody really took them seriously, and countered their claims with questions of freedom of choice. The anti-censorship lobby could rightly state that pornography hurt nobody, and that it should be left up to the individual to decide on whether or not to "consume" it. By bringing the "child factor" in, such counteractions have been cleverly circumvented. Now, Whitehouse will claim that it might be all right for adults to see such material, but what about the children? Not only do we run the risk of them being exposed

to pornography and thus somehow traumatised (remember the old news story of the little girl who supposedly said that she'd seen a video nasty and now knew what sex was - her description being of violent rape), but we also risk children being abused by people who

Alberto Grimaldi
presenta



Pier
Paolo
Pasolini

SALÒ,

o los 120 días de Sodoma

Technicolor

Clasificada **(S)**

Se advierte al público que esta película, por su temática, puede herir la sensibilidad del espectador.

were, presumably, perfectly normal before their exposure to such material turned them into slaving paedophiles. Indeed, if Whitehouse is to be believed, thousands of children are being forced into child porn rings, producing kiddie porn films and magazines for perverts who want stronger and stronger stuff all the time...including snuff films, which are still being reported by the press and investigated by police, despite there being no evidence that any exist.

Another factor that connects the two groups is the Violence Towards/Denigration of Women element. While Whitehouse and her moralistic right wing supporters are as far removed from the Ideals of feminism as one could imagine, they are nevertheless willing to use the feminist's arguments about pornography to further their aims. After all, they want as much support as they can muster. But this is really Bremner's ground. The exploitation and abuse of women in pornography is a very fashionable concern amongst people who prefer to have their opinions formed by the pages of **SPARE RIB** rather than by thinking for themselves...and it's no longer acceptable for the (pseudo) Intellectual set to talk of "freedom of expression" - Instead, they must be concerned with misogyny, the denigration of women's sexuality, and the negative effects of pornography on society.



Franco's JUSTINE

It is surprising, therefore, to see **JULIETTE** being defended, not by pornographers and the decadent individuals who read the likes of **HEADPRESS**, but by respectable people. People like Anthony Burgess and Larry Adler, Anita Brookner and Julie Burchill. These are people who wouldn't dream of protesting about the banning of a video like **THE DRILLER KILLER**, no matter how artistically valid it might be, yet they are willing to stand up and defend the works of De Sade. The reason seems to be that the Intellectuals still have an instinctive horror of book burning.

The difference between books and videos, magazines and other materials that are regularly hauled before the courts is that unlike the others, books are not generally prosecuted. It was generally agreed that the unsuccessful prosecution of **INSIDE LINDA LOVEFACE** in 1976 meant an end to the prosecution of the written word. That wasn't entirely true, of course; gay porn novels were still often found obscene. And only a few months ago, Savoy's **LORD HORROR** was

successfully prosecuted in Manchester. This is a highly disturbing case that has been given a disgracefully small amount of press coverage. **LORD HORROR** is an extreme, fictionalised version of the life of English war-time traitor Lord Haw-Haw. Along with the novel, Manchester police have seized copies of the associated **LORD HORROR** and **MENG & ECKER** comic books from Savoy, who are their favourite target for intimidation. The magistrate (note: you no longer have the small comfort of a jury to decide your fate during obscenity prosecutions) who found the novel obscene - thus making it the first work of serious literary merit to be found guilty since **LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN** in 1967 - just happened to be the same magistrate who had signed the original police warrant to seize the publications. God bless our great democracy! As I write, the case is going to appeal; if the appeal is unsuccessful, it creates an unhealthy precedent for the prosecution of serious literature as well as pornography. Although the **LORD HORROR** case has gained little press attention (one can't help thinking that if it had happened in America, it would have been covered extensively on TV programmes like **THE LATE SHOW**), but the mere possibility of **JULIETTE** being taken to court has produced shock waves amongst the country's intelligentsia and literary set, who are well aware of the potential effects of a successful prosecution. After all, things wouldn't stop with De Sade...

Ironically, Ms Bremner's protests have succeeded mainly in publicising a book that would otherwise have gone relatively unnoticed. Although a few faint-hearted shops ceased stocking the novel when her campaign began, most of those who would have carried it normally are now again doing so. And it's safe to say that many people are buying the book simply in order to find out just what all the fuss is about. Those seeking a cheap thrill are likely to be disappointed; not only is **JULIETTE** rather more costly than the average paperback, but it's also - by the standards of modern pornography - decidedly unerotc. Onanistic readers will find themselves wading through expansive amounts of political and intellectual theorising before they reach the "dirty bits"... and then they'll be let down by the rather detached descriptions of debauchery and perversion that read more like medical descriptions than prime wank-fodder. De Sade didn't write pornography. Rather he wrote libertarian fantasies, of which sexual freedom was only a part. A fervent atheist, much of **JULIETTE** is taken up with De Sade's attacks on the church and scorn over the claims of the existence of God. De Sade's writing is primarily political, and his use of explicit sexual fantasies is as much tied up in his own ideas about a world where people are free to practice anything they wish to, even at the expense of others, as with the desire to provide his reader with an erotic frisson.

It's also worth pointing out that De Sade's writings can - and have been - be

taken as early feminist documents. In JULIETTE, the title character is a strong-willed woman in control of her own destiny. He presents the reader with educated, intelligent women concerned with their own pleasure rather than that of their male benefactor, as is still often the case in literature. While his work is certainly full of violence towards women, it is only directed at those women who haven't shown the will to take control; De Sade might be advocating the survival of the fittest, but he isn't suggesting that the fittest will necessarily be male.

At the time of writing, JULIETTE has not been prosecuted. Arrow, unperturbed by the outcry, published the sequel JUSTINE in September, and as with THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM, the public reaction was negligible. In November, Creation Press published a new, modernised translation of PHILOSOPHY IN THE BOUDOIR, which is considerably more accessible (and also considerably more erotic) for the casual reader than the Arrow publications. All the currently available De Sade works are, however, recommended for the more serious reader.

MIDI-MINUIT
14, bd. Pommerehne

SCARLETT
Place Pigalle

LE MERY
7, place Clichy



Footnote: De Sade has been filmed on numerous occasions, though none of the movies come close - for obvious reasons - to the delirium of the writing. Best known of these are Jesus Franco's JUSTINE, Pasolini's SALO (which used THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM as a Nazi allegory, which is not so much of a leap - before the film had been shot, the novel had been referred to as prophesying the Nazi regime) and the British-made CRUEL PASSION, which starred Koo Stark as the unfortunate Justine. Other adaptations include THE VIOLATION OF JUSTINE (a popular choice for filming), and two versions of PHILOSOPHY IN THE BOUDOIR by Jesus Franco, both entitled EUGENIE. In 1969, AIP made a rather tame version of the Marquis' life, imaginatively entitled DE SADE. Most of these films were either badly mauled or banned outright by the British

censors, who also removed much of the footage featuring De Sade from the horror film MAXWORK. The Marquis' work "Inspired" BLOODY PIT OF HORROR and he made a posthumous appearance as the title character in THE SKULL, based on Robert Bloch's short story THE SKULL OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. JUSTINE has been filmed for French TV a couple of years ago. Those of you who work up a sweat during those heavy S/M sessions can quench your thirst with Marquis De Sade champagne. As HEADPRESS goes to press, a version of THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM is about to somehow be performed at the Battersea Arts Centre. More on this next time.

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PUPPIES, SWEETIES & ICE-CREAM

David Slater

The common pervert has adapted well to our society, they are part of our modern culture. They can be seen quite readily in urban areas, often in the suburbs and occasionally they are spotted in city centres going about their business in the rush-hour bustle. Many prefer the tranquillity of woodlands and rural areas. These solitary, sometimes shy creatures fall into different species. It is only their courtship displays that relate them. Some are nocturnal, others prefer daylight hours. Many blend into the background like chameleons and are unrecognised as perverts, their devotions conducted in privacy. But others are blatant and obvious and get a kick out of obscure public displays. Some will perform to any available audience, whereas others will concentrate on a specific target, usually an individual, usually a juvenile. This type of pervert is easily identified by his clothing ("you can see them coming a mile off", so to speak). Invariably they will be wearing a track-suit or, more commonly, a blue nylon parka (the snorkel variety). Now, this attire is not interchangeable between the two ie; the track-suit pervert will never be seen wearing a parka and vice versa. The clothing itself is what distinguishes these two very different species of lecher.

The track-suit perverts are the more forward of the subgenus. They can communicate with people, they may even have a subdued social life (if they have a local drinking house they will have occasional mutterings with the bar-staff rather than chats with the regular punters) and be on nodding acquaintance with the neighbours. Because of this ability to converse they will actually ask - usually in a circumlocutive manner - if their intended prey wants to indulge in some obscure sexual act, maybe even offer some money or other incentive. One particular line is "Hey son, how would you like to model some sports gear for me? You know, silk shorts an' stuff. I'm a photographer, I live in those high-rise flats there..." in order to back up his claim he may be carrying a cheap Instamatic camera (with flash cube), or a battered ADIDAS bag with colourful clothing spilling out.

Although they often infiltrate the suburbs the track-suit perv is more at home in park land. There, they pretend to jog but are actually trolling the woodlands for the young (either gender), naive and vulnerable. Once a suitable victim has been found they will spark up a conversation leading to a suitable encouragement. Puppies are too clichéd, ice-cream and sweets bribes have been replaced with cigarettes and hard cash, alcohol and drugs. Sometimes the perv won't bother with ambiguous ramblings and get straight to the point. After all, according to media statistics there's a damn good chance that the kid has already been abused anyway. During conversations adopting the

subtle approach the hands will gesticulate around the groin area where an obvious erection will bulge. Typical examples of the verbal lure are, "Collecting conkers lad? ...nice big nuts aren't they...wanna see some BIGGER nuts?...". or, "That's a nice fishin' net... caught any tiddlers yet?...Bloody 'ell those're no use...ever seen a fish like THIS?" or even, "What kind of butterfly is that, kid?...a cabbage white is it?...I like big hairy caterpillars best... this looks like a big hairy caterpillar, don't it?" If disturbed by approaching adults, he will flee and make his way back home. Nor will it look odd, a man in a track-suit running, all red-faced and sweaty. You see them every day, in the streets, in the parks, the genuine fitness fanatics creating ideal camouflage for the pervert. The track-suit perv will live alone in a council flat. He may have a budgie.

The parka-pervs are a very different breed. These guys are retentive, inward looking creatures. They are loners who hate the world and the world hates them. The snorkel hood is an ideal hiding place. Their ugly faces can barely be distinguished in the shadows of this fur-lined tube. The pockets of the coat couldn't have been better placed. The years of groin fumbling often wear holes through the quilted orange lining. The blue nylon parka was designed by a perv solely for the perv (and the train-spotter of course).



The parka-pervs hang around schools or children's play areas and fumble. They stand motionless as scarecrows save for the modest fidgeting in the frontal pockets. They have no yearning for sexual contact of copulation (as oppose to the track-suit perv who wants to share his hard-on with just about anyone), this neutered behaviour is all they desire. Parka-pervs cannot get erections, they just tug at their wasted genitals and dream. They do not ejaculate, merely drool saliva strings from the corners of their mouths. Unlike the track-suit perv they really don't care who sees them loitering. They feel safe inside their hoods. The view they perceive is furnished tunnel-vision of the outside world, not much different from watching TV.

When the sex-drive is latent they wander the streets staring at the pavement. This "ostrich-mode" will continue until the feeble testosterone level peaks and the urge to observe brings the head upright. The hood opening will then be focused on a suitable target and the fondling will commence.

When the parka-perv is at home he will watch video recordings of **SESAME STREET** or **GRANGE HILL**. Coat on. Hood up. Fumbling. The parka-perv will live with his parents and inherit the house when they die. From that day he will degenerate even further. These insular creatures cannot be helped. They shun any social communication and are likewise shunned by society.

Once you are aware of their existence it is surprising how many you can actually see shambling around. It could be that their insularity extends only to society in general but not to their own kind. Perhaps they have created some kind of covert fraternity and the blue nylon parka is the equivalent of the funny hand-shake. Maybe, as two come face to face, they do not enquire, "Have you been on the square?" but ask, "Have you been in the park?". Regular ceremonial meeting could take place at secret venues where initiations will occur. The novice will be taken blindfolded before the Grand Mastur to whom his withered genitals will be exposed, he will be struck about the head with a duffel-bag filled with kiddies toys. He will be placed on a mock-up tyre-swing and the hooded veterans will spin him into euphoric bliss. Finally, he will swear his allegiance and be handed a street map with all the schools, playgrounds, MotherCare shops etc. marked with highlight pens. The parka perv will then shamle into society, his lips sealed with a vow of silence and the Grand Mastur's final instruction will be, "Remember, say nothing and keep your head down."

Of course there are many different classes of pervers that fall between the two extremes mentioned above. The track-suit perv and the parka perv simply reside at opposite ends of the spectrum of weirdos. These intermediary characters are the sex-clowns of the city. Their clothing is more varied but they are still quite easy to spot. Typical attire is a maroon suit with flared trousers (zip permanently down, lifeless todger dangling), black, moccasln type slip-ons splitting at

the puckered seams. They may wear a khaki gabardine with a piss stain shaped like a map of Australia at the back or a black donkey-jacket with the pockets torn off. These freakish city-dwellers spend much of their time in public toilets. Should you be unfortunate enough to use such a place at the wrong time the lunatic perv will always shuffle up to the urinal next to you. The others may be empty but he will still squeeze next to you. He won't piss either, just stare, fondling his knob. Sometimes in this situation they speak but their language is indecipherable. There is something about the public toilet that attracts the pervers like moths to a light. It could be the permanent bleach/urine smell or the claustrophobic atmosphere or simply the fact that they are usually filled with guys with their dicks hanging out.

The public toilet was once a widespread haven for the pervers but now they have all but been eradicated. But, in the not too distant past, the cottaging industry was at its height. Once the pervs had established themselves in a particular toilet-block it would eventually become common knowledge and the general public would cease using it (for its intended purpose at least). The blocks themselves were designed in an ominous fashion and ultimately modified to satisfy the pervers. A narrow entrance that often curved and hid the urinals from view until you were well inside. Lights that were permanently out. Tiled floors that seemed to slope inwards and make exit awkward. The uncomfortable acoustics that echoed paranoia. Wire-meshed window openings decorated with toilet-paper squares. Graffiti messages and boasts. The smell of filth. Decaying matter spilling from the never-flushed toilet-bowls. Piss pools and split condoms. And it was from these obscure objects of desire that sex-viruses bred and spread like poisons from a malarial pond. In fact a typical public lavatory resembled a tropical insectivorous plant. It would attract the flies and prevent them escape for those that did leave always went back for more. Had the places not been subject to the massive demolition project that made them almost extinct then they would be hell-holes indeed - sort of viral warfare bombshells - with the AIDS plague unfurling as it is today.

Exhibitionism, Frotteur,
Voyeurism, Bugge.

type of sexual deviation with
-tion, save that their pr-
it is exhibi-
1982

hope when you catch yourself in the filing mode and discover stuff you'd forgotten you even consumed... (What do people do with movie poster collections? What do people do with an English, French, German and Polish set of OCTOPUSSY lobby cards?) The perverts who indulge in all these aforementioned practices are the same type of misfit who'd pick someone up in a bar, take 'em home, get undressed, then disappear into the bathroom to jerk off while thinking what it might have been like to fuck... What's the point of such characters maintaining their existence?

Um, where was I?

Sorry, lost my mind for a minute... One of the first signs of imminent scum collapse is when you start covering your ass, junky style. You're oozing home, clutching your squallid duffle bag of prize purchases, after having carefully avoided the people you said you'd meet, when you bump into another scum loser. Rather than visit a scum emporium (after all, he might see the good shit before you do) you go to a pub, where you find yourself lying blatantly about either not having visited various shops ("Never anything there anyway", you mumble, reminding yourself to go back first thing tomorrow) or having failed to score ("Oh, yeah, that dump, nothing worth having, really", meaning you've just emptied it of stuff you know the oaf is desperate to get). Your next move is to wait until you're on the phone to the hapless lunk before you mention you scored a set of Jonathan Ross chewing tobacco cards you knew he was bidding for in "Chew, Hawk & Spit" monthly. Listen to him complain. Listen to him weep. Take full advantage because it won't be long before you're begging him for his spare copy of the signed and numbered first edition of Pete Waterman's

autobiography... If you're still cohabiting, sign over any cheques that come in immediately to scum dealers instead of putting them through your account so your 'other half' will remain as reasonably ignorant as can be hoped for of your diabolical transactions...

Never give your sources away... if actually caught in flagrante with useful material by a bozo you feel deserves zilch, claim you picked it up in a charity shop for peanuts rather than admit there's a new shop just opened dealing entirely in sex killer memorabilia. Once you do, you're dead meat. Every time you enter the premises your so-called friends will be at the counter paying for items that were rightfully yours...

Once you've 'advanced' to the stages detailed above you ought to ensure you never admit to actually liking anything just in case someone overhears you and decides they might like it too, hence 'collect' it... (There are certified cases in serious scum circles of filth who only accumulate material because they know some no-wit who hoards similar artifacts. You can gauge how ill someone is and whether to avoid them when you announce, "Hey, I picked up a mint Richard Branson Port-O-San yesterday" and the lifeless reply is "How much d'you want for it?")

Well, apologies for the somewhat rambling nature of these little observations, but I've been attempting to write it while simultaneously phoning in my bid for the copy of DARK'S ROUND THE EDGES LP (30 only pressed in 1972) that just turned up. Minimum bid is £2200. Play it? I'm going to fucking frame it...

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DRINKING TO EXCESS

David Flint

The following article has, through necessity, been written from a male standpoint. While I would like to offer a guide to pub etiquette for both sexes, being a man means that I cannot honestly and correctly do so for a number of significant points. If any female HEADPRESS reader would like to offer a woman's perspective on the joys - or otherwise - of public drinking (particularly in regard to being chatted up by drunks), I'd love to hear it.

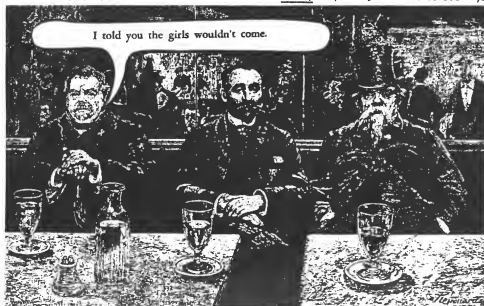
It's fair to say that the HEADPRESS crew like the odd drink. As was detailed in the editorial last issue, our business meetings are more often than not held in a Manchester pub, with the beer flowing freely; what's more, we regularly celebrate events such as DER TODESKING being passed by the BBFC, being released, the magazine being completed, sent to the printers, returned from the printers, actually being bought...In other words, any excuse for a drinking session is good enough for HEADPRESS. But what is it that makes the lure of the public house so great? Why aren't we content to stay home with a few cans, watching some grotty video?

The ambience of the pub is a unique one. At its peak - on a Friday or Saturday night - the pub heaves with people, a cacophony of sound hitting you as soon as you pass through the door. What sort of sound depends on what sort of pub. If you're particularly unlucky, then you'll have the wingeing and moaning of the senile and geriatric as they check their bingo cards, scratch their bums and mutter phrases like "hey up, young 'un" while they

push past you to the delapidated outside toilet. Other nights might bring you a heady mixture of Madonna records, busty barmaids in low cut tops, shattering glasses and verbal abuse as some teenage delinquent objects to being manhandled out of the door by the bouncer. It all depends on where you go, and it's all an essential part of a Good Night Out.

The most important thing in visiting the pub, of course, is alcohol. Pretty obvious you might think, but there are those people who seem to believe that they can party down with a glass of coke or a pint of alcohol-free lager. Nice try, but forget it. Leave the car at home if you're going to the pub, because if you're not drinking, you might as well not be there. I tried a night of abstinence once while on a course of antibiotics, and felt like a complete dick. What's more, those people unfortunate enough to be with you will be made to feel guilty about downing pints of Carlsberg while you sit dejected with a glass of coke, and ended up making rather unlikely excuses such as "I only want a half this time", while making it perfectly clear that they were looking forward to getting completely ripped and wish that you'd stayed at home.

So now you've decided to go out for a drink. Your friends are here, you've got your money in your pocket, had a shave and are wearing your coolest threads. What next? This really depends on where you are. If you're in the Old Fat pub, activities will be severely limited. A game of pool, perhaps, if you're really desperate, or - God forbid - you can



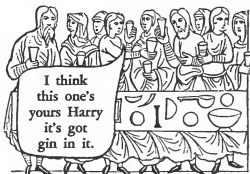
Join in the bingo. Chances are, though, that you won't stick around here. You'll be eyed with suspicion, especially if you look like "one of them punk rockers", and they'll probably turn the Vera Lynn record up extra loud just to get rid of you. So forget this place. Who wants to hang out with a bunch of geriatric old tossers anyway? You start to wander. The first pub you come to is still pretty empty - it's only about 7.30, so you can lay claim to your usual seat in the corner without having to fight through a mess of people squeezed into the minuscule amount of space left in the rather small room by the huge bar. This isn't a very trendy pub, but it's not an Old Fat pub either (although it does have an outside toilet, which isn't very well signed; patrons have been known to wander into the wrong one 'accidentally'). Smoke fills the air and your lungs. As soon as the second round is bought, you find a group of hideous old bags looking your way. This always happens! Maybe it's your conversation ("sex/bondage/shagging/smut /dick piercing") that's attracted their attention. Whatever, you've not had enough to go for anything that gruesome. You drink up and move on.

Every town has a Bikers Pub, and you'll end up going there sooner or later. If you've not been yet, get it over and done with this weekend. Bikers pubs are similar to, but not the same as, Heavy Metal Pubs. Here, ageing rockers, Born To Be Wild but Grown To Be Fat, consume large amounts of extra strong ale while an interminable DEEP PURPLE number rumbles over the sound system. If someone asks you to play pool, don't say no and don't win. Failure to follow these instructions may lead to you spending the week in a hospital bed. Toilet facilities here will be 'basic'. Don't expect a lock on the cubicle door (if there's a door at all), and watch out for the dirtiest, silliest guy in the pub, who will try to force his way into the cubicle while you're inside. This is either because he's too drunk to notice that it's already occupied, or because he's seen BORN TO RAISE HELL and is in the mood for Heavy Sport. Either way, you don't want him there. Best to hold it in until the next pub.

Heavy Metal Pubs are rather like training grounds for Bikers Pubs. Full of irritating kids with permed hair and tight jeans who want to be Rebels. The sound-system in these pubs is deafeningly loud, which is a shrewd tactical move by the landlord. You'll grow so hoarse bellowing your conversation that you'll drink twice as quickly. Don't worry - the music is so awful, you'll leave after one pint anyway.

So, off you go to a trendy drinking hole. Make sure it's not too trendy or they probably won't even let you in. Once through the door, you can play Find The Seat, a diverting but ultimately frustrating game. There will be nowhere to sit after about nine o'clock, so if you don't want to stand, get there early. Trendy Pubs come in two styles: the Student version and the Pre-Night Club version. The former will be full of - you

guessed it - students, indulging in a combination of pseudo-Intellectual waffle, earnestly 'right-on' posturing, and drink-inspired nonsense. Sit near a group of particularly Socially Aware youths and horrify them by talking loudly about the joys of auto-eroticism. In the latter type, you'll be surrounded by complete air-heads, pissed-on-two-pints trainee bank managers, and various fashion victims, who are warming up for the night of dancing and prancing that lies ahead. If you've timed things well, by the time you arrive here, you'll be drunk enough to be able to put up with all this, cast aside your social conscience, and sit leering at the women while making unacceptably sexist comments to your companions. You'll regret it in the morning, of course, but it always seems like a good idea at the time.



One reason that men go to the pub is to Pull Bids (this seems to be the official, medical term for attracting women). This is often more a case of wishful thinking than actual achievement. You'll recognise the Pullers (for want of a better description) easily; they sit, eyes darting from girl to girl, until they see one who appears to be alone - then they leap into action. They have no appreciation of any other reason for visiting the pub, and if they don't pull (and more often than not they don't), they go home depressed. The trouble for the Pullers is, by and large, women don't go to pubs looking to get picked up. That's what night clubs are for. And even if they are looking for a good time, it's not very likely that they'll find it in the arms of a drunken slob who wants to take her home to look at his collection of pathology textbooks. Of course, women are fully aware of what it is that men are after, and - if they're smart enough - can use the vague promise that maybe you might get 'something' as an excuse for having free drinks all night. One pub I visited recently had two young girls surrounded by at least a dozen teenage lads, all blatantly horny and desperate. The girls obviously relished being the centre of attention, but you can bet that they went home alone when the pub shut. This is fair enough if all you want is a bit of female companionship and conversation for the

evening (In fact, it's a pretty good thing, but don't do it in such numbers!). But you won't have any call to use the condom dispenser, so don't get your hopes up.

If you're seriously going out to get laid, don't get drunk. Even if you somehow do con some sex-crazed nympho into coming home with you, the infamous Brewers Droop or a sudden hangover (the kind that has you screaming for death as some kind of release) will probably screw up your plans. And avoid picking up girls who are completely pissed. It might be easier to get them into bed, but it can have unsavoury side-effects. Bear in mind the story of the bloke who scored in the pub, took the girl home and started doing the business. As she sat on top of him, she started groaning away, and he initially figured it was his masterful technique causing her to moan in such 'ecstasy'...an assessment quickly proved wrong when she subsequently threw up in his face!

It goes without saying that you should choose the right type of pub. Teenage girls in Heavy Metal pubs, for instance, often look sensational - great bodies, skintight and revealing clothes - but teenage metal fans seem to always move in packs (collective noun: 'a thrash of metallers', perhaps?), and they're almost always with a bunch of male and female friends. Not boyfriends, you'll note; but they might as well be, as their overwhelming presence will put you off trying anything. Trendy pubs heave with potential bedmates, but watch out for cock-teasers and move quickly; these pubs are full of Pullers waiting to pounce on any unaccompanied woman who walks through the door. Student dominated pubs are the best place for forming meaningful relationships, but remember that most students have been conditioned to see things in a completely black and white, Socially Aware and Socially Unaware manner - so tread carefully.

One of the more anti-social side-effects of visiting the pub is The Morning After - or, as has often been the case with the HEADPRESS team, Later That Evening. Yes, being violently ill can be pretty unpleasant at the time. It does, however, make for good conversation on future excursions. You can reminisce about how you were so drunk that you fell asleep on the train, only woke up as it was pulling out of your station, and leapt from it in the nick of time. How you got home, ran to the bathroom, threw up in the sink and scooped it out with your hands to flush it down the toilet. Or you can laugh about the time you sat, hung-over on the train, felt the urge to puke, and had to rummage around for an empty plastic bag, which you then stuck your head in and let fly - all in the disgusted gaze of the woman sat opposite you. You can compare vomiting sessions at film festivals, boast about giving the technicolour yawn in the middle of a crowded wine-bar that was so posey that it deserved it, and snigger at the memory of the friend who virtually encircled a church with sick. And then you can go home and do it all again!

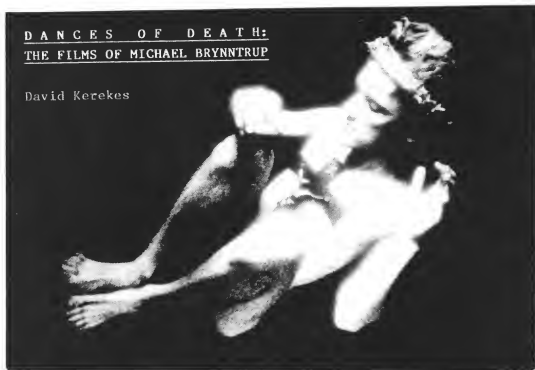


It'll go in your
eye one day and then
you'll be sorry.

Of course, there's a lot more to getting drunk than simply regurgitating your last meal a few hours later. The pleasure of the pub is that it provides a place for you to relax, let loose, and open up. You can talk to complete strangers all night about nothing in particular. You can sing and dance, shout and laugh. The pub is a party whenever you want one. And it's a great place for observing the wilder extremes of society. Where else can you watch a bloke fall asleep and piss his pants? Where else can you hear Christmas music in the middle of July? Just sitting with a pint and watching can be a real education. Whether it's a bunch of extremely rough looking women dancing half-naked to Nelli Diamond covers, a distraught Puller hearing last orders being called and realising that he still hasn't pulled, or an old loon stacking up pint after pint of Guinness on his table without drinking any of them, it's an experience that just can't be found anywhere else. And one to be savoured. Cheers!

DANCES OF DEATH: THE FILMS OF MICHAEL BRYNNTRUP

David Kerekes



Michael Brynntrup has had his films shown in the Museums of Modern Art, New York, Buffalo, and Ontario. He has accompanied his work on extensive tours worldwide, and is the darling of experimental film festivals. His **JESUS - DER FILM** is a masterpiece. In October of 1991, his latest film was premiered in Berlin, **LIEBE, EIFERSUCHT UND RACHE** (LOVE, JEALOUSY AND REVENGE).

Michael Brynntrup (aka Brintrup aka Brinntrup) is a most engaging film maker. His work is undeniably surreal, self-indulgent and crude. It is also lyrical, captivating and at times very funny. And when Brynntrup himself steps in front of the camera, he has what is called 'screen presence'.

Brynntrup frequently tours with his two short-film programmes: "So Sieht Eine Prise Aus" and "Ist Doch Wenigstens Das Fleisch Auf". Some of those films which comprise the two programmes are listed below. The interview that follows was conducted on the eve of a short-film tour through the Netherlands.

A Selected Filmography

DER RHEIN - EIN DEUTSCHES MÄRCHEN (THE RHINE - A GERMAN FAIRYTALE)

1983, 14 mins, Super-8

"In the place where I come from, one stays at

home. Except when one goes on holiday or off to war."

STUMMFILM FÜR GEHÖRLOSE (SILENT MOVIE FOR THE DEAF)

1984, 8 mins, Super-8

"Film means sound as well" - a film of sign language.



JESUS - DER FILM

1985/86, Super-8 + 16 mm

Michael Brynntrup has tried to stem the criticism of blasphemy against his **JESUS - DER FILM** by offering to play it to a church congregation. In spite of this, the Catholic church still don't like it. "Which is a pity", a voice sympathetic with Brynntrup was heard to say, "because the Catholic church obviously don't know what they're doing."

Brynntrup co-ordinated the making of **JESUS - DER FILM** over a period of 15 months. More than twenty film makers participated in the project. Brynntrup would send each film

maker a number of b/w Super-8 cassettes (from 2 to 10) and allow them to shoot whichever episode of the New Testament they so desired, the only priority being that Brynntrup himself was to play Jesus. Two versions of the film exist; 84 minutes and 125 minutes.



TOTENTANZ 5

Most every contributed episode in **JESUS** is a provoking re-work of the original biblical text - whether it be R. Paris & A. Hentschel's re-telling of The Healing of the Blind, Stiletto's Loaves and Fishes, or Jorg Buttgerelt's Crucifixion sequence - but it is when Brynntrup himself takes the camera that the film has a true inspirational passion. The Last Supper, for instance, sees Christ drinking wine and pouring it back from His mouth into the glass - blood into wine into blood into wine - over and over again on a tape loop.

TESTAMENTO MEMORI

1986, 8 mins, 16 mm

"I am now going to experience a possible birth, the procedure of which can obviously vary."



TOTENTANZ 5

VERONIKA

1986/87, 11 mins, 16 mm

Brynntrup even went so far as to make a special promotional short for **JESUS** called **VERONIKA**. As well as raising theological questions on the Turin Shroud, **VERONIKA** divulges the best way to knock a nail through the hand; how to experience eternal mysteries anew, and that yes, He is coming "to this theatre - soon."

Still no joy with the Catholic church.



TOTENTANZ 5

TABU I-IV

1988, 28 mins, Super-8

TABU I-IV opens to Brynntrup sitting at his desk. He addresses the viewer then begins to write in his diary - of which there are four volumes. Pages of the diaries flick on and off the screen, punctuated with photo-montages of Brynntrup and his work. As the diary catch up with the present, the images become ever-faster, and the narrative overlaps itself until everything is a blur. The effect is disorientating and quite exhilarating - impossible to turn away from. **TABU** ends when the diaries reach the present and Brynntrup back at his tidy desk. "I don't offer figures of identification. The viewer can only identify with himself."

TOTENTANZ 1-8

1988/89, 45 mins, Super-8 + 16mm

In the series of **TOTENTANZ** - or, **DANCE OF DEATH** - films, Brynntrup uses the human skull as a symbol. "I don't use the skull to make a precise statement, I use it to evoke an atmosphere, I play with it. It has this nice ambiguity ranging from deadly-serious to not being serious at all. In any case, it touches an emotion..."

The series is divided into eight films, all with the skull. In one film a little boy drinks fresh water from the inverted skull. In another of the films, a girl sets fire to it. Another film has an old, disfigured man climbing a tree and caressing it. In another, a girl kisses the skull. And in another, Brynntrup fucks the skull.

DIE STATIK DER EISELSBRÜCKEN (ENGINEERING MEMORY BRIDGES)

1990, 21 mins, 16 mm

Test cards, doodlings, film techniques and visual experiments - the mechanics of film itself form the narrative of **DIE STATIK...** And again, the result is hypnotic.

LIEBE, EIFERSUCHT UND RACHE

1991, 7 mins, 16 mm

"It's like what goes on in a post office. How parcels are handled... the sheer volume is amazing."

HEADPRESS: You liken your films to the surrealist/dadaist films of the 1920's. How about more recent film makers such as Derek Jarman?

MICHAEL BRYNNTRUP: I said somewhere that my films have an affinity with the early, funny avant garde films because these film makers initially discovered the medium in a rather playful way; original, fresh film making - vivid pictures, not only animated pictures. This means, "who stays young." Derek Jarman certainly is somebody who stayed young, who is playing with the medium fresh every time, and so I feel an affinity with Derek Jarman, yes. Also because he is gay and goes back to Super-8 again and again.

If I remember correctly, you once said, "Super-8 is antique, but video is hollow." I'll buy that, but aren't you suggesting it's the medium which is important and not the message? Is there a message in your films?

I would like to say so. There is a message, yes! Is this a sufficient answer?

No...no.

Now, I won't let myself get carried away listing my different messages! He, who has eyes, shall see.

Why do you oppose the label 'experimental film maker' when so much of your work is screened at so-called 'experimental film festivals'?

Ah... that's a nice trick question. Experimental film for me is synonymous with an epoch - the 1960's and 70's - when they made a great effort to produce purely formal,



structural films...from which I disassociate myself entirely. One has just to watch my films to notice that. But on the other hand, of course, where can you put independent, free films into circulation?...

What about singing nuns and go-go dancing virgins?

That was for JESUS - DER FILM.

Can you explain...?

Well-ill, JESUS is already ver-rrry old and long, long dead, though He did resurrect in the original scenes and in real-time, so the original film has a running time of about 33

years... This film is on a mission-tour through 40 cities in Germany and even on a North American mission, and they still like to show it again and again. Anyway, for the



1986 premier at the Sputnik cinema, they had a programme with tap-dancing nuns, and on the mission-tour there were extra shows now and then - for example, in Bielefeld, a special choir came together to accompany the screening.

And then you always gave the consecrated host to everybody?

Oh yes, everybody got spiritual food... and they also liked to have some wine.

Are you a Catholic? Where you spiritual inspired to make JESUS - DER FILM?

I had a dream, yeah, yeah. And then I thought, I'm going to go to the dream-factory to make a monumental film out of it. How can I say - I'm sure that coming from a Catholic home had a certain influence, but JESUS was more an act of liberation from the past...

What? Liberation to say "I am Jesus and no longer Mr & Mrs Brynntrup's son?" What was your inspiration?

This is not easy to say. I do not collect my inspirations from the street, because I do not make documentary-type things. All my films are a kind of head-birth. So, the question is: "How to get the ideas?" You are sitting at your desk, pondering, or shortly before you fall asleep, during the pre-dream phase - that is where I get my inspirations from.

Did you enjoy playing Christ?

Ah - caught! Indeed, It was great fun to be



Jesus, this film is really so long gone...

But it took years with all the preparations...

No, no, it was - if you compare to how films in Hollywood are produced, then it worked out quite quickly. Looking back, it was about a year. I selected Super-8 film freaks, with this really special Super-8 attitude. I always wrote letters to the film makers, the first letter being in December 84, and in 85 we worked on the film, and I travelled to



East Germany or to Munich, Dusseldorf, Cologne, etc. And at these places, it would always be a spontaneous shoot. The film makers chose the episodes they wanted to make - or, I helped a bit.

What are you working on now?

Oh, what an interesting question... Well, I'm working - like I'm always working on different things. At the moment, I have three particular ideas which I'm following. Something with a long-film... not as episodic as JESUS.

Your first long-film?

No, no. I already made a long-film, SEPTEMBER, WUT, EINE REISE (SEPTEMBER, RAGE, A TRAVEL). About 82 minutes. That was also my very first film.

When did you start making films?

1981. On September, the 21st of 1991, I celebrated the tenth anniversary with a few friends. Just ten years ago I did my first shoot, the first I planned for a real movie, that is. But I didn't really finish the



previous question - this long-film, it is planned to become a feature film and could be quite conventional in places, more adjusted to cinema conditions than the short-films I made up to now. Narrative, exciting -

A mystery film?

Of course, always a mystery. Everything is mysterious.

With actors, a special crew? Is it already sorted?

Yes... partially.

How much of a say do the actors have in your films?

In general, one cannot answer this question. What I always hope for is that the actors offer a lot of themselves. That is to say I offer a frame, a scene, a little story, but the film unfolds spontaneously on location.



This has been, until now, the usual way. Quite a good way to work. And then there is still this one main actor in my films called Michael Brynntrup, who has incredibly much of a say.

In ten years time, what would this particular main actor like to be doing?

This. Just this is exciting. I - fortunately - don't know what will be in ten years time. But, as far as I can see, I am still going to make films. If everything works out fine, I'll be as young as today.



SCUM LINES

David Slater

Today, we're going to examine scum!

Scum - froth, refuse on the surface of liquids; worthless person. Okay we know that, but what about the etymological origins of the word? Scoome, schaum, schuim.... then again, who gives a shit about its origins anyway. Shift! Now there's a point. Is shift scum if it floats but not if it doesn't? Does anybody care? Perhaps an open-mouthed swimmer at Blackpool would. Considering swimmers further (or poor swimmers to be more precise), is a body drifting in the ocean scum? Perhaps it is in both senses of the word. It could be classed as; refuse on the surface of a liquid, and also; a worthless person. But never mind this, let's look at what scum is really about.

Froth is also a type of "refuse" but seems to suffer less discrimination, whereas scum is categorised as distinctly unpleasant. Curiously, beer is appreciated more with an unhealthy half-inch coating of "scum", and much frowned upon if it lacks this frothy cap.

Obviously it goes back to the "proving ones masculinity" rites - "Now, we've all pised and gobbled in this bucket so if you want to join the Secret Covenant of United Men you've got to down the lot in one....even the floaty bits." So, the floaty bits have evolved into the frothy head on a pint of beer.

Froth or foam is also termed spume, which brings about another clear indication by simply dropping the "m" leaving spue or spew. Spewing is good evidence of the macho-mans ability to ingest vast quantities of "scum". However, constant intake of these unsavoury beverages will inevitably result in ulcers and gut-rot. Incidentally, if you put "rot" into "scum" you have "scrotum", further proof of the masculine association. Even the word "masculine" is an anagram of "A scum line" which men often leave in the bath as an indication of virility.

Scum-lines - each one as individual as a fingerprint or as varied as a snowflake - are artistic statements from the person responsible for this bathtub smear. It will consist of skin particles, eye-lashes, body oil, contaminants, public hairs, pollen, soap residue, silicon, grime. All these remnants and more making a spectacular mural ringing the bath. The depth of the scum-line can be controlled by simply draining the water at a very slow rate. Sometimes a remarkable band measuring five or six centimetres in depth can be created. And, if decorated with foreskin scrapings and other body refuse in the correct manner, quite astonishing results can be achieved. Even a feeble, seven stone geek could step from the bath, admire the scum-line and feel like a real Mr. Universe. Try it today and bring a whole new meaning to "masculine" and "bathtub art". Come on, let's bring scum out of the closet!

THE HEADPRESS GUIDE TO
ESSENTIAL MODERN CULTURE

Here we go again with another slew of the good, the bad and the ugly, as seen by the HEADPRESS staff over the last few months...

PUBLICATIONS: IN BLACK AND WHITE is a fairly ambitious attempt to bypass the usual methods of book publishing. Author Christopher Stevens has produced it with desk top publishing materials, distributed it himself, and somehow managed to wangle it into WH Smith's. As a novel, it's a fairly average murder story; more interesting is the design, which is a pastiche of a tabloid newspaper...generally speaking, it's unusual enough to be worth the £1.95 being asked.

CREATION PRESS publish the kind of essential volumes that you'd long despair of ever seeing in the UK. Like what? Try works from De Sade and Poe, collections of writings by Henry Rollins and Aaron Williamson, and staggering new literature by James Havoc and Michael Paul Peter. And that's just for starters. Their non-fiction division, Annihilation Press, have published the scurrilous 60's sleaze-bible **THE VELVET UNDERGROUND**, and are preparing the definitive Ed Gein document for 1992. Contact Creation Press, 83 Clerkenwell Rd, London, EC1 for more information.

Having difficulty picking up Savoy's notorious **LORD HORROR** comics? If you live in Manchester or London, the answer's probably "Yes!" Fear not - you can obtain the **HARD CORE HORROR** series for £5/15.00, and **MENG & ECKER**, 1, 3 & 4 (2 is out of print) for £1/4.00 a throw from "The Edge", PO Box 1106, Chalfont, CM1 2SF.

"A sordid scrapbook & prurient guide to deviant po(o)p culture" is what you can expect of **CRAML OR DIE!** Issue 13 contains many a book and movie review, an interview with Erica (VIXEN) Gavin and other such woozy material. Two bucks (include something for p&p) to: Rev. Scott Miller, PO Box 8531, Salem, MA 01971-8531, USA.

Essays on female ejaculation, circumcision and "hooversexuality" (Individuals who suffer penile injuries while "vacuum cleaning" in the nude) are just a handful of the sex topics to be found in issue one of **SEER'S DIGEST**. The second issue concerns itself with dark forces. From what can be determined, **SEER'S DIGEST** is composed entirely of fragmented interviews, clippings and assorted - unsourced - verbal tracts. Often interesting and funny. No idea of price - write to DAG, IFL, 27 East Preston Street, Edinburgh, EH8 9QE.

Those of you who enjoyed **SINS OF THE FLESH** might want to look at Ian Caunce's self-confessed rip-off, rather laboriously named **ABSDUR'S LATE-NIGHT DOUBLE-FEATURE PICTURE SHOW**. As with **SINS**...., it's a collection of rare ad-mats for a variety of horror and trash movies. Contact Ian at 12 Union Road, Hurstead, Rochdale, Lancs OL12 9QA.

BIZARRISM is a neat 'zine from Oz. It

covers just about anything weird, as the title suggests. Included are photos of freaks, newspaper clippings a la **FORTEAN TIMES**, suicide, spontaneous combustion, Mr. Ponnusvamy, book reviews and even a mass murderer crossword puzzle! Obtainable from: Chris Nikul, Bizarrium, 1/119 Enmore Rd. Enmore, Sydney 2042 Australia. Cover price is \$2 send that plus adequate postage.

Another oddity is **GREUROSIS**: "A meaningless diversion for the simplistic anarchist"; yeah, well, that is fairly accurate self analysis. If you want to delve further into this Kabalistic Journal send £1.50 plus postage to: P D Condon, P O BOX 1471 London N5 2LY

MIDIAN BOOKS are specialists in 'occult, erotic, unusual and macabre books'. Their latest catalogue offers such vondrous titles as: **Cannibal Caravan**, **Crowley on Christ**, **FBI Wanted Notices**, **Covenants with Death**, **Male and Female Sexual Deviations** and much more. Rather like a mini **AMOK**. Write for catalogue: Midian Books, Chestnut Cottage, 6 Deene End, Weldon, Near Corby, Northamptonshire, NN17 3JP.

All fanzines might like to pop themselves down to Steve Green, 33 Scott Road, Olton, Solihull, West Midlands B92 7LQ for eminent review in **THE DARK SIDE's** "Fanzine Focus" slot...providing, of course, they qualify as "horror and related material".

VIDEO: Lots of interesting documentaries being released at the moment. **IN BED WITH MADONNA** is pretty essential even if you hate her music...In fact, non-fans might appreciate this no-holds barred look at life on the road with Miss Ciccone more than those who worship her. If you enjoyed the scens pulled in the late sixties/early seventies by film-makers using an 'educational' format to get explicit sex past the censors, then **THE LOVERS GUIDE** is for you. Whoever thought that respectable shops (WH Smiths again!) would be legally stocking BBFC approved films showing on screen fellatio, intercourse, masturbation, etc? Sure, it has a lot of tiresome narration by Dr. Andrew Stanway, but resourceful pornophiles will, no doubt, find a way to deal with that. Animation groups can get their jollies with **AKIRA** (available in a dubbed version, or as a subtitled double pack with a 'making of...' documentary) and **FANTASIA** (only available for a couple of months, and also available in a de-luxe edition). Arthouse types will appreciate the box set of Bergman's **FANNY AND ALEXANDER**, released by Artificial Eye, who are putting some great films out in quite awful packaging. Just because it's art doesn't mean you don't have to try to sell it...

Silhouette is the name of a new 'adult' video label. Their first batch of releases are nicely packaged, but practically unwatchable. **ON WHAT A NIGHT** might well be an entertaining movie in its original hardcore form, but with an "18" certificate it's just a series of grainy close-ups featuring guys moaning in ecstasy without

ever showing you why... The only decent thing on this is the "safe-sex" warning and anti-censorship spiel that precedes the movie... and even they might be missing from the versions in the shops. **Silhouette** would be better off leaving these badly mauled movies alone and concentrating on soft-core glamour films if they want to survive.



KING OF NEW YORK

Palace Video have an interesting variety of movies on rental and sell-through to while away those idle hours. You can now rent Abel Ferrara's **KING OF NEW YORK** with gaunt looking Christopher Walken in the title role as a kind of Robin Hood gangster. Comes across more as a compilation of violent set-pieces rather than an effective and engrossing gangster yarn such as **HEAVY STREETS**, **SCARFACE** or **GOODFELLAS**. Still, it's certainly worth forking out a few quid to rent. Also on the shelves is Dennis Hopper's latest, **PARIS TROUT**. He plays a loushane bigot who thinks it reasonable justice to murder a black man's child after he complained about the bum deal he's just been served. Intent on proving his good character he assaults his wife with a bottle and shoots his mother in the brain. On a lighter note there is **TRUST**, a wonderful comedy from Hal Hartley encroaching on the world of David Lynch. Adrienne Shelly plays an unintentional patricidal teenage bimbo who transforms into a woman as the film progresses. She meets and falls in love with nutcase Martin Donovan and they flow together through a script of crazy residual characters. Great stuff. If you want to lighten your pockets even further of cumbersome disposable cash then you could do no wrong in purchasing a copy of David Lynch's **WILD AT HEART**, one of the craziest films of all time. A glorious, multi-coloured patch-work of sex, violence and death. Other purchasable titles are the intriguing **BLACK RAINBOW**, a remarkable tale of seductive spiritualism, and, for any sex, guts, heavy music and robot freaks, there's Richard Stanley's **HARDWARE**. The only complaint towards **Palace** is their reluctance to release films in scope. Okay, maybe it was too much

on **THE COOK, THE THIEF...** but scanning is deplorable and does none of the above titles any justice.

TV: **FEAR IN THE DARK** was Channel Four's Halloween 'treat' for horror fans. Looking suspiciously like a **MEDIA SHOW** cast-off, it retrod the old questions and theories about the joys of horror in a painless enough manner. It could have done without the 'expert' testimony of the likes of Clive Barker and Kim Newman, and indeed the half-baked theorising of brain-dead teenage gorepups, but on the whole it was passable. BBC2's **MYSTERY TRAIN** series has been rather fab, though somewhat shoddily presented...and it is a bit much to have to wade through 45 minutes of **THE NIGHT STALKER** before the good stuff starts. **CRITICAL EYE** (Channel Four, 7.11.91) offered a sobering, frightening pair of reports on police brutality at the Orgreave coking plant during the 1984 miners' strike and at Stonehenge a year later. Images of cops in riot gear beating senseless anyone unfortunate enough to get in their way are hard to forget.

Anyone deciding to stay in on a Friday night for whatever reason could cheer themselves up with a dose of BBC1's **CASUALTY** and have an hours delight of rectal bleeds, AIDS, projectile vomiting, dead kids, cardiac arrests, epileptic fits, seizures etc all in suitably graphic detail. Those of you who prefer to laugh ought to switch to BBC2 and catch the excellent **HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU** where even Robert Maxwell can't rest in peace.

Are You A Poor Talker?

THEN WRITE FOR HEADPRESS

Yes, can you hide the key to etring worde your back door? together and Yea, HEADPRESS make whole een- are looking for tences? Do you writers. Write want overnight a feature down successe and send it in adoration? Have (preferably in you something en glish and to on your neigh- the HEADPRESS bour? What is adrees). You your friend's never know, for younger sister the price of called? Do you a postage stamp, go out often? you too could Where do you be famous.

MUSIC: Scott Bond's **PORN BOOGIE** is a triumph of packaging. Within the cardboard box exterior are a magazine about prostitutes, a cassette tape, 10 inch single (in furry sleeve) and a 'vibrator'...the whole thing is so lovingly produced that the musical content (a collection of sound collages) is rather superfluous. At £3.50, it's a snip. Write to Spurt Records, PO Box 49, Barking, Essex for your very own copy. After the devastating

STINKFIST of a couple of years back, Clint Ruin and Lydia Lunch have again teamed up for another EP. Kicking off with an apocalyptic yet faithful retread of Blue Oyster Cult's **DON'T FEAR THE REAPER** and ending with a deconstructed rendition of the Beatles' **WHY DON'T WE DO IT IN THE ROAD**, and with two original numbers squashed in between, this is the best piece of music to hit me for an age. Loud, nasty, dangerously dirty and completely uncontrollable, it's a must for all discerning record buyers.

EVENTS: In October, HEADPRESS presented two nights of psychotic cinema at the 2nd Festival of Fantastic Films in Manchester. If you were one of the large crowd crammed into the small room to sample the alternative side of film life, we hope you enjoyed it...an especially big "thank you" to the hardened individuals who lasted the whole of both nights...not an easy task considering the retina straining effect of films like **THEY DON'T CUT THE GRASS ANYMORE** or the tedium of **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND** (which seemed so much better the last time we saw it). Whether we do it again next year is up to the organisers.

"12 hours of terror" threaten Frightnite 2 organisers. Liverpool's All-Night Horror Film Festival takes place on Saturday 8th February, 1992. Send SAE for film and venue details: Frightnite 2, 35 Hilberry Ave, Tuebrook, Liverpool, L13 7ES.

-subscribe-

Soon, people will say to us "Have you got any back issues of HEADPRESS. My collection is incomplete?" and invariably we will have to put them onto Don 'donkey' Richards free. Tomorrow, but there is an easier way. **SUBSCRIBE!** If you subscribe now, you won't have to 'do Don' a small favour' in the future for that elusive missing issue, or drive down to secluded northern towns where Hall's Angels live. Subscribe and you are guaranteed each copy of HEADPRESS straight to your door, hot off the press and cheaper than the newsstand.

☐ No, I don't want to subscribe and neither do any of my friends. We quite fancy the idea of cruising biker bars for that elusive copy of HEADPRESS.

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☐ Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! I can't face life without it! Rush me the next FOUR essential issues of HEADPRESS as soon as they come streaming off the press, beginning with issue - Here's my £12.00 (which includes p&p) - take it, take it! Gibber gibber gibber.



OBSCURE OBJECTS OF DESIRE: COUNTER PRODUCTIONS mail-order have a neat catalogue carrying all manner of small press publications, various fringe papers (MARK'S **LITTLE BOOK ABOUT KINDER EGGS** sounds pretty essential), anarchism, comics, semiotext(e), etc. Send an A5 size SAE to PO Box 556, London, SE5 0RL.

LETTERS

Number 2 is even better than number 1, especially as it has my article in it!

JACK HOUSDEN Crumpsall Manchester

I was much surprised to read the editorial to No. 2 and your extraordinary marketing techniques, i.e. having the tome placed in retail establishments. Oh dear me no, this will never do - the normals will get their hands on them and that can only lead to one thing: outraged protest from some puritan loony/body/official department. See you in the dock.

May I raise a wondering voice over your execrable taste in music. Alright, a trip to Manchester (the large-breasted-women-capital of Britain) may be worth mentioning that you saw and heard it all free and gratis, but the music? Surely you're not so young and impressionable as to actually like this enough to want to inflict it on the rest of us? Live up to the claims of "bizarre, deviant, extreme" and spread the word - the official bootleg Frank Zappa CD's are filtering into the shops now: time to make the most subversive of them all known, and in his words "suck the youngest listeners into our camp." Well, just a suggestion. I was going to include a nude photo for your reader's gallery, but I don't seem to appear on developed stock; should I contact Kodak? Or would Kolchak be a better bet? Happy churchgoing,

S G SCOTT Gosforth Newcastle-Upon-Tyne

You're right. We're not so young. Nor could we give a flying doughnut about teenyest bands such as OMD or the PET SHOP Jokers. As for Frank Zappa, what was it Ed Sanders said, "Zappa, to whom the freak-flocks always flock..."? Some insist that Z is one of the eyeballs in THE RESIDENTS, while others (well one other, actually) suggest that to "earn some extra cash", Zappa shifts disco dance fodder out the back door. Any more Zappa anecdotes, anyone?

Ooh! yes please, I'll have HEADPRESS magazine No 2. can't be much worse than the first one.

MICK SLATTER Crawley Sussex

Is it just me or is there really a multi-racial lesbian scene near the end of GHOST?

JOHN D. WORRALL Woking Surrey

Think it must be you, John.



Thanx for Issue #2, most interesting again (particularly - "Touched by the Left Hand of God"). Thanx also for printing "my" photo - If only I was such a handsome fellow! Surely the fannell would be flooding in. I enclose another more voluptuous view - I look pretty good in this one too! Blame Jack Housden! New boots and panties or what!!

K A BEER Ilkeston Derbyshire

It's good to know that the cult films, torture methods, etc exist. People who think that I'm a bit weird anyway and who they themselves are totally square, have picked up

HEADPRESS #2 + read page to page with avid interest as I watch a smile to myself, wondering what they think. Loved the plussake of AMERICAN PSYCHO by David Kerekes.

STEVE GILL

Erith Kent

Some news to sadden sleaze fans: during the summer the US Supreme Court ruled that states may ban 'indecent dancing' in bars and adults only venues, even though it's constitutionally protected "expressive conduct." They said that a state's interest in "protecting societal order & morality was compelling enough to over-ride 1st amendment guarantees." Sheez!

DOUG BAPTIE

University of Stirling

You ought to do a piece of 'perky guys'. When a friend of mine was a young lad he met a perky guy. He was fishing down the river (a good place for it) when this short guy with a moustache walks up. He stands around for a while making comments about fish, etc then says "Do you want to earn some money?", "Huh?", "I'll give you £2 if I can play with your willy." My friend, in his boyhood innocence, misheard, thinking he said, "...play with your welly." He suddenly realised what the guy had said when he started to rhythmically pull his flies up and down. My friend grabbed his tackle (fishing) and ran home.

PAUL KEVERN

Blandford Dorset

The first issue of HEADPRESS was as bizarre and perverse as those of us with jaded palettes could have wished for. David Slater's article on the Punch and Judy phenomena was fascinating, the mention of the stick-wielding Scaramouche character reminds me that Ramon Navarro played the title role in the 1923 movie called SCARAMOUCHE but Ramon tended to keep his stick at home in the shape of a black lead dildo given to him as a present (and signed) by Rudolph Valentino. When Navarro was beaten to death in '68 the killers took particular care to push the "stick" down Navarro's throat.

The amateur nudie pics mentioned by John Graywood have now been joined by the amateur DIY porn videos. My current favourite consists of an obviously nervous young lady embarking on what is probably her first solo turn in front of a camcorder to the musical accompaniment from a radio. Only a few garments into her routine the music suddenly stops and switches to a cookery programme. She gamely continues prompted by some heartless bastard of a boyfriend behind the camera. At last, a cookery programme with plenty of "Fanny" but no "Craddock" Cheers,

GLYN WILLIAMS

Derby

Many thanks for the excellent Buttgerelt/Monika M feature in Issue 2. Any chance of you printing a full filmography to all his work, perhaps giving plot synopses to his lesser known films?

KEVIN HANEY

Wigton West Cumbria

Only time will tell, Kev.

Anything witty to say totally escapes me.

LEE MARTIN

Bromley Kent

On reading the review of MAN BEHIND THE SUN by David Slater, I was more than surprised to read that he could not work out the reason for making it. I think it's looking you right in the face.

When I purchased an original copy of this film in a Chinese laundry in SAN FRANCISCO I was told all about it by the 70 year old Chinese lady who runs the place. She said that the film says that the Japanese are the worst race on the face of the earth, that they committed more atrocities against the Chinese than any other race, they killed and tortured more Chinese than any other race and they were not punished like the Nazis for the crimes they committed in WW2.

She also said that they stole their culture and their way of writing and their wealth. This may be true but has sod all to do with 'MAN'.

The film's whole point is to be an anti Japanese propaganda message and you must agree, they don't come out too well out of it. One thing most Westerners either don't know or happen to forget is that the Japanese hate the Chinese and visa versa with such intensity that it puts nearly all other racisms in the shade. If you talk to both, they both have their reasons, some more sound than others and they will always tell you, the worst thing you could ever do is to mistake a Japanese for a Chinese or visa versa.

GREG LAMB

Brighton 1

Greg has not only been to San Francisco but also owns an original of MAN BEHIND THE SUN. *La Langue de Veau*



Appetising, eh?

K RIDDITHOUGH

London

LAST DETAILS**ALICE IN DALLAS**

(1983 colour 2 minutes)
dir: Manfred O Jellinski

ANALSTAHL

(1990 colour 13 minutes)
dir: Ulrich Phehn

BLUTIGE EXZESSE IM FUHRERBUNKER

(1982 colour 6 minutes)
dir: Jorg Buttgerelt

DER KURZ-KRIMI

(1982 colour 2 minutes)
dir: Manfred O Jellinski

FANNY HILL, OR MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF VIRTUE

(Penguin Classics 1990)
John Cleland

FOR ADULTS ONLY

(1989 colour/B&W 74 minutes)
dir/sc: Sam Harrison
pr: Kit Parker, Sam Harrison
with: Ned Beatty
David F. Friedman
Dan Sonney

FUR AXEL

(1989 colour 18 minutes)
dir: Max Muller

GLORIA

(1990 B&W 8 minutes)
dir: Hanna Nordholt

JULIETTE

(Arrow Books 1991)
The Marquis De Sade

(no way out)SCUM

(Scum International 30pp 1984)
A.

PAUL DETTE

(1991 colour 8 minutes)
Stephen Braun

PHILOSOPHY IN THE BOUDOIR

(Creation Press 1991)
The Marquis De Sade

SCHULTZ

(1989 19 minutes)
dir: Dirk Drebelow.

SCUM MANIFESTO

(Phoenix Press 24pp 198?)
Valerie Solanes

SEX GEWALT + GUTE LAUNE

(A Manfred O Jellinski Presentation 1991)
Various directors.

SPOTS

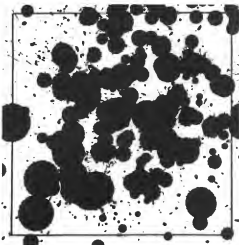
(Last Gasp Publishing)
S. Clay Wilson

**UNCENSORED GUIDE TO THE MOVIES, THE**

(MacDonald 1991)
Dick Beresford

A YOUTH IN BABYLON

(Prometheus Books 1990)
David F. Friedman with Don De Nevi



- NEXT: THE JESUS TRIP ISSUE -

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OER TOESKING VIDEO - A Jorg Buttgerreit film. "BEG BORROW OR STEAL TO SEE THIS MOVIE" Samhain; "IMPRESSIVE...BIZARRE" The Oarkside; "7 SUICIDES ON ONE GREAT KNOCKOUT VIDEO;" Avant; "IT IMPRESSED ME DEEPLY - SO MUCH SO THAT LONG BEFORE THE ENO I BEGAN TO DREAD WHAT IT MIGHT SHOW ME" Ramsey Campbell. Complete with 'dead person' postcard. 18 cert. VHS/PAL. English subtitles. Ltd edition. £15.00 each (UK add £1.50 - overseas £7.00 p&p)

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